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[redacted] A. Ro
Bangs Theo

*NCM

To Guilt Slaves.
VOL. III.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF SHAKSPEAR

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL....TAMING OF THE SHREW
WINTER'S TALE....COMEDY OF ERRORS....MACBETH

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ALL'S WELL

THAT

ENDS WELL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King *of France.*
Duke *of Florence.*
Bertram, *Count of Rousillon.*
Lafeu, *an old Lord.*
Parolles, *a follower of Bertram.*
Several young French Lords, that serve w
tram in the Florentine war.

Steward, }
Clown, } *servants to the Countess of R*
A Page.

Countess *of Rousillon, mother to Bertra*
Helena, *a gentlewoman protected by the*
An old Widow of Florence.
Diana, *daughter to the widow.*
Violenta, } *neighbours and friends to t*

THAT

ENDS WELL.

ACT I.

E I.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* Coun-
Palace. Enter Bertram, *the* Countess of
llon, Helena, *and* Lafeu, *in mourning.*

Countess.

vering my son from me, I bury a second
..
And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my
death anew: but I must attend his majes-
mand, to whom I am now in ward, ever-
subiection.

...ned you the n
...adam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in
it was his great right to be so: G

Laf. He was excellent, inde
king very lately spoke of him,
mourningly: he was skilful enoug
still, if knowledge could be set up a

Ber. What is it, my good lord
guishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notoric
gentlewoman the daughter of Gerar

Count. His sole child, my lord;
ed to my overlooking. I have those
good, that her education promises: h
she inherits, which make fair gi
where an unclean mind carries vi
there commendati-

ıches her heart, but the tyranny of her
s all livelihood[1] from her cheek. No
, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be
ht you affect a sorrow, than to have.
affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it

lerate lamentation is the right of the
ive grief the enemy to the living.
the living be enemy to the grief, the
it soon mortal.
lam, I desire your holy wishes.
understand we that?
thou blest, Bertram! and succeed
father
as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,
empire in thee; and thy goodness
ıy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
none: be able for thine enemy
wer, than use; and keep thy friend
vn life's key: be check'd for silence,
'd for speech. What heaven more will,
ıay furnish,[2] and my prayers pluck
vn.
ıead! Farewell.—My lord,
ıson'd courtier; good my lord,

He cannot want the best
tend his love.
aven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram.
[*Exit* Countess.
ɔest wishes, that can be forged in your
ɔ Helena] be servants to you![3] Be
o my mother, your mistress, and make

ıearance of life.
t may help thee with more and bet-
ıs.
you be

[illegible] be away. It were all
That I should love a bright parti
And think to wed it, he is so abo
In his bright radiance and collate
Must I be comforted, not in his s
The ambition in my love thus pla
The hind, that would be mated b
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty,
To see him every hour; to sit and
His arched brows, his hawking ey
In our heart's table;[1] heart, too c
Of every line and trick[2] of his swe
But now he's gone, and my idolatr
Must sanctify his relics. Who co

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love hi
And yet I know him a notorious lia
Think him a great way fool, solely

be assails; and our virginity, though
e defence, yet is weak: unfold to us
resistance.
re is none; man, sitting down before
lermine you, and blow you up.
our poor virginity from underminers,
up!—Is there no military policy, how
blow up men?
inity, being blown down, man will
blown up: marry, in blowing him
with the breach yourselves made, you
y. It is not politic in the common-
ture, to preserve virginity. Loss of
tional increase; and there was never
l virginity was first lost. That, you
f, is metal to make virgins. Virginity,
e lost, may be ten times found: by
pt, it is ever lost; 'tis too cold a com-
y with it.
I stand for't a little, though therefore

[illegible] a commodity will lose the
with lying; the longer kept, the less worth
with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time c
quest. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears
cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuite
just like the brooch and toothpick, which
not now: Your date is better in your pie and
porridge, than in your cheek: And your virgi
your old virginity, is like one of our French
ered pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry,
withered pear; it was formerly better; marry,
'tis a withered pear: Will you any thing with

Hel. Not my virginity yet.
There shall your master have a thousand loves
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking [illegible]

what we alone must think;[1] which never
s thanks.

Enter a Page.

ge. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.
[*Exit* Page.

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember
ee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a
charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you
must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the
safety: But the composition, that your valour and
fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and
I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer
thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the
which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee,
so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel,
and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee;
else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine
ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou
hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast
none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell.
[Exit.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,

(1) *i. e.* And show by realities what we now must only think.
(2) *i. e.* Thou wilt comprehend it.

The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.[1]
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppo
What hath been cannot be: Who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive n
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me
[*E*

SCENE II.—Paris. *A room in the King's pal*
Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of Fra
with letters; Lords and others attending.

King. The Florentines and Senoys[2] are by
ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here recei
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem

nd on either part.

Lord. It may well serve
ssery to our gentry, who are sick
breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

1 *Lord.* It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
First try'd our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs[1] me
To talk of your good father: In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his[2] hand: who were below him
Remembered not greatness of another place;
Made bow to his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their *poor praise he humbled*: Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;

(1) *To repair, here* signifies to renovate.
(2) *His is put for its.*

lives richer in your thoughts, than on his tor
So in approof[1] lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. 'Would, I were with him! He wo
ways say,
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plausive wo
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,)—*Let me not li*
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—*let me not live*, quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive sense
All but new things disdain: whose judgment
Mere fathers of their garments;[2] *whose consta*
Expire before their fashions:——This he wis
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 *Lord.* You are lov'd,
They, that least lend it you shall l

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned: But, if you may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world,[2] Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage: and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for they say, bearns[3] are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

(1) To act up to your desires.
(2) To be married.
(3) Children.

[illegible] stranger sense. Her matter w
she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was
goddess, that had put such difference betwixt th
two estates; Love, no god, that would not exte
his might, only where qualities were level; Dia
no queen of virgins, that would suffer her po
knight to be surprised, without rescue, in the fi
assault, or ransome afterward: This she deliver
in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I hea
virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedi
to acquaint you withal; sithence,[1] in the loss th
may happen, it concerns you something to know i

Count. You have discharged this honestly; kee
it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me o
this before, which hung so tottering in the balance
that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt: Pra
you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and
thank you for your honest care: I will speak wit
you further anon.

[*Exit* Steward.

Enter Helena.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was
young:
If we are nature's, these are [illegible]

: mistress.

Nay, a mother;
en I said, a mother,
pent: What's in mother,
ay, I am your mother;
ogue of those
ine: 'Tis often seen,
ure; and choice breeds
oreign seeds:
vith a mother's groan,
other's care:—
oes it curd thy blood,
? What's the matter,
ssenger of wet,
ounds thine eye?
ny daughter?

That I am not.
ir mother.

Pardon, madam;
ot be my brother:
n honour'd name;
, his all noble:
he is; and I
his vassal die:
er.

Nor I your mother?
er, madam; 'Would you

, were not my brother,)
ere you both our mothers,
do for heaven,
Can't no other,
must be my brother?
I might be my daughter-

! daughter, and mother,
: What, pale again?

To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me tr
But tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look, thy c
Confess it, one to the other; and thine ey
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind[2] they speak it: only sti
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected: Speak, i
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charg
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon n

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble m

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, m

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't
Whereof the world takes note: come, co
close
The state of your affection; for your passi
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then I

captious and intenable sieve,
in the waters of my love,
ot to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
mine error, I adore
at looks upon his worshipper,
of him no more. My dearest madam,
r hate encounter with my love,
where you do: but, if yourself,
d honour cites a virtuous youth,[1]
so true a flame of liking,
ely, and love dearly, that your Dian
erself and love;[2] O then, give pity
ose state is such, that cannot choose
d give, where she is sure to lose;
not to find that her search implies,
-like, lives sweetly where she dies.
Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
aris?

Madam, I had.

Wherefore? tell true.

ill tell truth, by grace itself, I swear.
my father left me some prescriptions
d prov'd effects, such as his reading,
est experience, had collected
l sovereignty: and that he will'd me
est reservation to bestow them,
hose faculties inclusive were,
they were in note:[3] amongst the rest,
remedy, approv'd, set down,
e desperate languishes, whereof
s render'd lost.

This was your motive

was it? speak.
y lord your son made me to think of this;

Whose respectable conduct in age proves
ere no less virtuous when young.
Venus.
ipts *in which* greater virtues were en-

A poor unlearned virgin, when the
Embowell'd of their doctrine,[1] hav
The danger to itself?

Hel. There's some
More than my father's skill, which v
Of his profession, that his good rec
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: a
honour
But give me leave to try success, I'
The well-lost life of mine on his gr
By such a day, and hour.

Count. Dost th

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt l
and love,
Means, and attendants, and my lovi
To those of mine in court; I'll stay
And pray God's blessing into thy at
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of
What I can help thee to, thou shalt

. Farewell, young lord, these warlike principles,
throw from you :—and you, my lord, farewell :—
ne advice betwixt you ; if both gain all,
: doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
enough for both.
rd. It is our hope, sir,
ell-enter'd soldiers, to return
d your grace in health.
. No, no, it cannot be ; and yet my heart
t confess he owes the malady
th my life besiege. Farewell, young lords ;
r I live or die, be you the sons
hy Frenchmen : let higher Italy
'bated, that inherit but the fall
ast monarchy,[1]) see, that you come
voo honour, but to wed it ; when
ivest questant[2] shrinks, find what you seek,
me may cry you loud : I say, farewell.
rd. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty !

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those ...
Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with
o young, and *the next year*, and *'tis too early.*
Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away
bravely.
Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
eaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
ll honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
it one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.
1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.
Par. Commit it, count.
2 *Lord.* I am your accessary; and so farewell.
Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured
ody.
1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.
2 *Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles!
Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin.
ood sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—
ou shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one
aptain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of
ar, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very
word entrenched it: say to him, I live; and ob-

for they wear themselves in the cap
do muster true gait,[2] eat, speak, an
the influence of the most received sta
the devil lead the measure,[3] such are t
after them, and take a more dilated f
Ber. And I will do so.
Par. Worthy fellows; and like t
sinewy sword-men. [*Exe.* Bertram

Enter Lafeu.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [*Kneeling.*]
for my tidings.
King. I'll fee thee to stand up.
Laf. Then he
ands, that has brought his pardon. I w
ad kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy;
at, at my bidding, you could so stand
King. I would I had; so I had broke
d ask'd thee mercy for't.
af. Good faith, a
my good lord, 'tis thus; Will you be
our infirmity?
ing. No.
f. O, will you eat
apes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,
ble grapes, an if my royal fox
reach them: I have seen a medicine,[5]
able to breath life into a stone;
n a rock, and make you dance canary
rightly fire and motion; whose simple t
rful to araise king Pepin, nay,
great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
te to her a love-line.
What her is this
ey are the foremost in the fashi
ve the true mili

Than I dare blame my weakness: will y
(For that is her demand,) and know her
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, go
Bring in the admiration; that we with th
May spend our wonder too, or take off th
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I
And not be all day neither. [*E*

King. Thus he his special nothing ever

Re-enter Lafeu, *with* Helena.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath win

Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty, say your mind to hi
A traitor you do look like; but such trai
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid
That dare leave two together; fare you

King. Now, fair one, does your busines

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de N
My father; in what he did profess, well

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my prais

...ant cause wherein the honour
...ty is touch'd ... have so
my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
ome to tender it, and my appliance,
th all bound humbleness.

We thank you, maiden;
may not be so credulous of cure,—
n our most learned doctors leave us; and
congregated college have concluded
labouring art can never ransome nature
her inaidable estate,—I say we must not
n our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
stitute our past-cure malady
irics; or to dissever so
at self and our credit, to esteem
ess help, when help past sense we deem.
My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
more enforce mine office on you;
entreating from your royal thoughts
one, to bear me back again.
I cannot give thee less, to be call'd
rateful;
ht'st to help me: and
death

Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is l
It is not so with him that all things kno
As 'tis with us that square our guess by
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent
Of heaven, not me, make an experimen
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;[2]
But know I think, and think I know mos
My art is not past power, nor you past c

King. Art thou so confident? Within w
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lendi
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall brin
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring:
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus[3] hath quench'd his sleepy
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they r
What is infirm from

A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak;
His powerful sound, within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;[1]
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime[2] can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practicer, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deserv'd: Not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

Give me some help here, ho!—If the
As high as word, my deed shall mate
[*Flouri*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A room*
tess's *Palace.* *Enter* Countess *a*

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now
height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fe
taught: I know my business is but t

Count. To the court! why, what p
special, when you put off that with su
But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God hav
any manners, he may easily put it off
that cannot make a leg, put off's cap
and say nothing, has neither leg, h
cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to
were not for the court; but, for me,
swer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful a

man's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't: Ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir,——There's a simple putting off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, sir*, at your whipping, and *spare not me?* Indeed, your *O Lord, sir*, is very sequent[1] to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I never had worse luck in my life, in my—*O Lord, sir:* I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Why, there't serves well again.

Count. Haste you again

SCENE III.—Paris. A
Palace. Enter Bertram,

Laf. They say, miracles
our philosophical persons,
familiar things, supernatural
it, that we make trifles o
ourselves into seeming knowl
submit ourselves to an unkno
Par. Why, 'tis the rarest
that hath shot out in our latte
Ber. And so 'tis.
Laf. To be relinquished of
Par. So I say; both of Ga
Laf. Of all the learned and
Par. Right, so I say.
Laf. That gave him out inc
Par. Why, there 'tis; so sa
Laf. Not to be helped,—
Par. Right; as 'twere, a m
Laf. Uncertain life

Laf. Why, your dolphin,[1] is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect——

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous[2] spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak——

Par. And debile minister; great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be——

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, Helena, *and Attendants.*

Par. I would have said it; you say well: Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick,[3] as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

Exit an attendant.

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice[4]

(1) The dauphin. (2) Wicked.
(3) *Lustigh is the Dutch word for* lusty, cheerful.
(4) *They were wards as well as subjects.*

And writ as little beard.

King. Perus
Not one of those, but had a nob

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, res
health.

All. We understand it, and th

Hel. I am a simple maid; and
That, I protest, I simply am a r
Please it your majesty, I have d
The blushes in my cheeks thus
We blush, that thou should'st c
fus'd,
Let the white death sit on thy ch
We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make
Who shuns thy love, shuns all h

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy alt
And to imperial Love, that god
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will y

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; al

should take;
r do you wrong for your own sake:
upon your vows! and in your bed
er fortune, if you ever wed!
These boys are boys of ice, they'll none
: sure, they are bastards to the English;
ch ne'er got them.
'ou are too young, too happy, and too good,
: yourself a son out of my blood.
d. Fair one, I think not so.
There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy
ank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass,
outh of fourteen; I have known thee al-

[dare not say I take you; [*To* Bertram.]
but I give
my service, ever whilst I live,
r guiding power.—This is the man.
Why then, young Bertram, take her,
she's thy wife.
My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your
highness

Would quite confound distinc-
In differences so mighty: if she
All that is virtuous, (save what t
A poor physician's daughter,) th
Of virtue for the name: but do
From lowest place when virtuo
The place is dignified by the do
Where great additions swell,[2] a
It is a dropsied honour: good a
Is good, without a name; vilen
The property by what it is shou
Not by the title. She is young, v
In these to nature she's immedi
And these breed honour: that
Which challenges itself as hon
And is not like the sire: Hono
When rather from our acts we
Than our fore-goers: the mer
Debauch'd on every tomb; on
A lying trophy, and as oft is d
Where dust, and damn'd obli
Of honour'd bones indeed. W

Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to defeat,
I must produce my power: Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam: that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow: Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the staggers, and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate,
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity: Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: When I consider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,

. A most harsh one; and not to be under-
vithout bloody succeeding. My master?
: Are you companion to the count Rousillon?
. To any count; to all counts; to what is
man.
: To what is count's man; count's master is
ther style.
. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you
old.
: I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to
title age cannot bring thee.
: What I dare too well do, I dare not do.
? I did think thee, for two ordinaries,[1] to be
ty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable
f thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs,
e bannerets, about thee, did manifoldly dis-
me from believing thee a vessel of too great
len. I have now found thee; when I lose
gain, I care not: yet art thou good for no-
out taking up; and that thou art scarce worth.
: Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity
hee,——

Laf. Yes, good f
will not bate thee a s
Par. Well, I shall
Laf. E'en as soon a
pull a smack o' the c
bound in thy scarf, and
it is to be proud of thy
to hold my acquaintance
knowledge; that I may s
man I know.

Par. My lord, you do
vexation.

Laf. I would it were hel
my poor doing eternal: for
will by thee, in what motion a

Par. Well, thou hast a son
ace off me; scurvy, old, fil
ell, I must be patient; there
hority. I'll beat him, by my
with any convenience, an he
le a lord. I'll have no mor
I would have of—I'll beat h
eet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Sirrah, your lord and ma
news for you; you have a ne
I most unfeignedly beseech
some reservation of your w
lord: whom I serve above, i
Who? God?
y, sir.
e devil it is, that's thy ma
arter up thy arms
of thy

...; thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords, and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits the tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my

Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife
To the dark house,[1] and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it.
—'Tis hard;
A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The same. Another room in the same. Enter Helena *and* Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: Is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health; she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

(1) *The house made gloomy* by discontent.

a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing
To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing
and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your
title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou art a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave
thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a
knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were
you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to
the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off by a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strewed with
sweets,

el. What more commands he?
ar. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
nd his further pleasure.
el. In every thing I wait upon his will.
ar. I shall report it so.
el. I pray you.—Come, sirrah.
[*Exeunt.*

NE V.—Another room in the same. Enter Lafeu *and* Bertram.

af. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a
er.
r. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.
af. You have it from his own deliverance.
r. And by other warranted testimony.
af. Then my dial goes not true; I took this
for a bunting.[1]
r. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great
owledge, and accordingly valiant.
af. I have then sinned against his experience,
ransgressed against his valour; and my state
way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in
eart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you,
: us friends. I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

ar. These things shall be done, sir.
[*To* Bertram.
af. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?
ar. Sir?
af. O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir, is a
workman, a very good tailor.
ar. Is she gone to the king? [*Aside to* Parolles.
ar. She is.
ar. Will she away to-night?
ar. As you'll have her.

ter end of a dinner, but [illegible]
and uses a known truth to pass a
with, should be once heard, an
God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness
and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I hav
into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift t
and spurs, and all, like him th
custard; and out of it you'll
than suffer question for your re

Ber. It may be, you have mis

Laf.-And shall do so ever, t
his prayers. Fare you well, n
this of me, There can be no
nut; the soul of this man is hi
not in matter of heavy conseq
of them tame, and know their
monsieur: I have spoken bett
have or will deserve at my ha
good against evil.

er. I shall obey his will.
must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
ch holds not colour with the time, nor does
ministration and required office
ny particular: prepar'd I was not
such a business; therefore am I found
uch unsettled: This drives me to entreat you,
t presently you take your way for home;
rather muse,[1] than ask, why I entreat you:
my respects are better than they seem;
my appointments have in them a need,
ater than shows itself, at the first view,
you that know them not. This to my mother:
[*Giving a letter.*
ill be two days ere I shall see you; so
ave you to your wisdom.
Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
that I am your most obedient servant.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever shall
th true observance seek to eke out that,
erein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let that go:
haste is very great: Farewell; hie home.
Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you say?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;[2]
r dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;
t, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
hat law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing,
indeed.—

Bravely, corag

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Florence. *A room in the Palace. Flourish. Enter the Duke of F attended; two* French *Lords, and other.*

Duke. So that, from point to point, no you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let f
And more thirsts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy seems the qu
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our c France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 *Lord.*
The reasons of

...rest on their ease, will, day by day, ... younger of our na-
come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A room in the* Countess's *Palace.* *Enter* Countess *and* Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have it, save, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; the ruff,[2] and sing; ask questions, and sing; teeth, and sing: I know a man that had of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for

Let me see what he writes, and when he come.

[*Opening a letter.*

have no mind to Isbel, since I was ... old ling, and our Isbels o' ... like your old ... the ...

By the misprizing of a maid too vir
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heav
between two soldiers and my youn

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfo
some comfort; your son will not b
as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run
he does: the danger is in standing
loss of men, though it be the get
Here they come, will tell you mor
only hear, your son was run away

Enter Helena *and two* Ge

1 *Gent.* Save you, good madan

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone,

2 *Gent.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.–

nd, after some despatch in hand at court,
hither we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, madam; here's my passport.

leads.] *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger,*[1] *which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a* then *I write a* never.

his is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gent.* Ay, madam;

nd, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;
thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,[2]
ou robb'st me of a moiety: He was my son;
t I do wash his name out of my blood,
nd thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2 *Gent.* Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 *Gent.* Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,
e duke will lay upon him all the honour
at good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *Gent* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [Reads.] *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*

is bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which
s heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!

[illegible]
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

1 *Gent.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 *Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gent.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2 *Gent.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
[illegible]

Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing air,
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 'twere,
met the ravin[1] lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes,
Were mine at once: no, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all; I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of Paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Florence. *Before the* Duke's *Palace. Flourish. Enter the Duke of* Florence, Bertram, Lords, *Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence,
Upon thy promising fortune.
Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!
Ber. This very day,

(1) Ravenous

SCENE [illegible] *Enter Coun-*
tess's Palace.

Count. Alas! and would yo
her?
Might you not know, she would
By sending me a letter? Read

Stew. *I am Saint Jaques' pil*
Ambitious love hath so in
That bare-foot plod I the cold
With sainted vow my faul
Write, write, that, from the
My dearest master, your
Bless him at home in peace,
His name with zealous fe
His taken labours bid him
I, his despiteful Juno,[1] *se*
From courtly friends, with
Where death and danger
He is too good and fair f
Whom I myself embrace,

Count. Ah, what sharp

he most convenient messenger :—
ly, he shall hear that she is gone,
turn; and hope I may, that she,
much, will speed her foot again,
by pure love: which of them both,
o me, I have no skill in sense
istinction :—Provide this messenger:—
heavy, and mine age is weak;
I have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.
[*Exeunt.*

V.—Without the walls of Florence.
afar off. Enter an old Widow *of*
, Diana, Violenta, Mariana, *and other*

ay, come; for if they do approach the
ll lose all the sight.
ey say, the French count has done most
service.
is reported, that he has taken their
nmander; and that with his own hand
duke's brother. We have lost our la-

[illegible] misery is, example, that so terrib[illegible] the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for a [illegible] suade succession, but that they are like [illegible] twigs that threaten them. I hope, I [illegible] advise you further; but I hope your [illegible] will keep you where you are, though [illegible] ne further danger known, but the wood[illegible] is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena, in the dress of a pilg[illegible]

Wid. I hope so.——Look, here comes [illegible] grim: I know she will lie at my house; [illegible] they send one another: I'll question her.—[illegible] God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you b[illegible]

Hel. To Saint Jaques le grand.

Where do the palmers[3] lodge, I do beseech [illegible]

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside [illegible]

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark [illegible]

They come this way [illegible]

[illegible] see a countryman of yours, [illegible] I did so.
[illegible] done worthy service.

His name, I pray you?

The count Rousillon: Know you such a one?
But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
[illegible] I know not.

Whatsoe'er he is,
[illegible]vely taken here. He stole from France,
[illegible]eported, for[1] the king had married him
[illegible] his liking: Think you it is so?
[illegible]y, surely, mere the truth;[2] I know his
[illegible] lady.
[illegible]here is a gentleman that serves the count,
[illegible]ut coarsely of her.

What's his name?
[illegible]onsieur Parolles.

O, I believe with him,
[illegible]nt of praise, or to the worth
[illegible]at count himself, she is too mean
[illegible]r name repeated; all her deserving
[illegible]d honesty, and that
[illegible]eard examin'd.

That is Antonio, the duke's e
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the

Dia.

That with the plume: 'tis a r
I would, he lov'd his wife: if
He were much goodlier:—Is'
tleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he is not hone
knave,

That leads him to these place
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. W

Dia. That jack-an-apes wit
melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd
he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And

Scene VI.

Shall be for me
I will bestow so
Worthy the note
Both.

SCENE VI.—
Bertram, an

1 Lord. Nay, go
him have his way.
2 Lord. If your l
g, I hold me no more
1 Lord. On my life
Ber. Do you think I
Lord. Believe it, n
wledge, without any
y kinsman, he's a mo
nd endless liar, an
ner of no one good q
entertainment.
rd. It were fit you kn
n his virtue, which
great and trusty bus
ou.
would I knew in wh

None better than to
h you hear him so con

, with a troop of Flo
him; such I will ha
s not from the enemy
k him so, that he'sha
e is carried into the
en we bring him to
present at his exami
omise of his life, and
f base fear, offer to

w, a coward.

tainment, your inclining cannot be remo
he comes.

Enter Parolles.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter,
the humour of his design; let him f
drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this c
sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go; 'tis b

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum?
lost?—There was an excellent con
charge in with our horse upon our own
to rend our own soldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed
mand of the service; it was a disaster
Cæsar himself could not have prevente
been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly conde
cess: some dishonour we had in the
drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered

instrument of honour again into his native
arter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go
; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit:
you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of
and extend to you what further becomes his
eatness, even to the utmost syllable of your wor-
iness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will pre-
ently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself
in my certainty, put myself into my mortal prepa-
ration, and, by midnight, look to hear further from
me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you
are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my
lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant; and, to the possi-
bility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee.
Farewell. [*Exit.*

Par. I love not many words.

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not
this a strange fellow, my lord? that so confidently
seems to undertake this business, which he knows
is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dare
better be damned than to do't.

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as w
do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into
man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great de
of discoveries; but when you find him out, y
have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no d
at all of this, that so seriously he does address h
self unto?

[illegible] None in the world; but return wit
[illegible] two or three pr

you shall see this very night.

1 *Lord.* I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 *Lord.* As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.

2 *Lord.* But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature;
Will you go see her?

2 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Florence. *A Room in the* Widow's *house.* *Enter* Helena *and* Widow.

t.

Nor would I wish you.
ıt, the count he is my husband;
· sworn counsel I have spoken,
› word; and then you cannot,
ıat I of you shall borrow,
t.

I should believe you;
'd me that, which well approves
ırtune.

Take this purse of gold,
ıur friendly help thus far,
·pay, and pay again,
d it. The count he woos your

,
ıton siege before her beauty,
ıer; let her, in fine, consent,
· how 'tis best to bear it,
blood will nought deny
d: A ring the county[2] wears,
ıth succeeded in his house,
ɔme four or five descents
r wore it: this ring he holds
:; yet, in his idle fire,
would not seem too dear,
after.

Now I see
r purpose.
lawful then: It is no more,
hter, ere she seems as won,
ıppoints him an encounter;
› to fill the time,
ely absent: after this,
add three thousand crowns
ready.

I have yielded:
ter how she shall persuaded,

I would swear I recovered it.

1 *Lord.* You shall hear one a

Par. A drum now of the ene

1 Lord. *Throca movousus, ca*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villianda*

Par. O! ransome, ransome :—

eyes. [*They seize him a*

1 Sold. *Boskos thromuldo bos.*

Par. I know you are the Musl

And I shall lose my life for want

If there be here German, or Dan

Italian, or French, let him speak

I will discover that which shall un

The Florentine.

1 Sold. *Boskos vauvad*

I understand thee, and can speak t

Kerelybonto :—Sir,

Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen

Are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

1 *Sold.*

1 *Sold.* But wilt thou faithf
Par. If I do not, damn me.
1 Sold. *Acordo lint*
Come on, thou art granted space.
[*Exit, with* Parolles *guard*
1 *Lord.* Go, tell the count Rousillon, and
brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep hi
muffled,
Till we do hear from them.
2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.
1 *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves ;—
inform 'em that.
2 *Sold.* So I will, sir.
1 *Lord.* Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely
lock'd. [*Exeunt.*

CENE II.—Florence. *A room in the* Widow's *house. Enter* Bertram *and* Diana.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.
a. No, my good lord, Diana.
r. Titled goddess ;
worth it, with addition ! But, fair soul,
r fine frame hath love no quality ?
quick fire of youth light not your mind,
no maiden, but a monument :
ou are dead, you should be such a one
are now, for you are cold and stern ;
you should be as you mother was,
ur sweet self was got.
e then was honest.
So should you be.
No.
did but duty ; such, my lord,
to your wife.
No more of that !
not strive against my vows :[1]

ainst his determined resolution never
Helena.

Dia. 'Tis not the many o
truth;
But the plain single vow, that i
What is not holy, that we swe
But take the Highest to witness
tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's gre
I lov'd you dearly, would you b
When I did love you ill? this h
To swear by him whom I prote
That I will work against him: Th
Are words, and poor conditions
At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change
Be not so holy-cruel: love is hol
And my integrity ne'er knew the
That you do charge men with: S
But give thyself unto my sick de
Who then recover: Say, thou art
My love, as it begins, shall so per
Dia. I see that men make hope
That we'll forsake ourselves. O

ı Mine honour's such a ring:
nastity's the jewel of our house,
eathed down from many ancestors;
h were the greatest obloquy i' the world
e to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom
gs in the champion honour on my part,
inst your vain assault.
ber. Here, take my ring:
house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
d I'll be bid by thee.
Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;
l order take, my mother shall not hear.
ow will I charge you in the band of truth,
Vhen you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
emain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
Ay reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not: you have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooin thee. [*Exi*
Dia. For which live long to thank both heave and me!
You may so in the end.——
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry m
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with
buried. Since Frenchmen ar

1 *Lord.* He has much wor
him, for shaking off so good a
lady.

2 *Lord.* Especially he hath
lasting displeasure of the k
tuned his bounty to sing happ
tell you a thing, but you shall
with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spo
I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted
woman here in Florence, of a m
and this night he fleshes his will
honour: he hath given her his
and thinks himself made in the
sition.

1 *Lord.* Now, God delay our
are ourselves, what things are w

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traits
common course of all treasons,
reveal themselves, till they attain
ends; so he, that in this

measure of his own judgments, anatomized; that he
2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he
me; for his presence must be the whip of the
er.

Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of
wars?

Lord. I hear, there is an overture of peace.

Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

Lord. What will count Rousillon do then? travel higher, or return again into France?

d. I perceive, by this demand, you are not
r of his council.

Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a
of his act.

Sir, his wife, some two months since,
s house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to
s le grand; which holy undertaking,
ustere sanctimony, she accomplished:
iding, the tenderness of her nature
ey to her grief; in fine, made a groan
th, and now she sings in heaven.
w is this justified?
stronger part of it by her own let-
tes her story true, even to the
r death itself, which
s come, wa

by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter Bertram.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between these main

[illegible] in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter: his heels have deserv'd it, in [illegible]ping his spurs so long. How does he carry [illegible]elf?

Lord. I have told your lordship already: the [illegible] carry him. But, to answer you as you [illegible] understood; he weeps, like a wench that [illegible], weam he suppose to be a tinn, from the [illegible] his come nonance, to this very instant disas[illegible] [illegible] the stocks: And what think [illegible] [illegible]ing of me, has he?

[illegible] His confession is taken, and it shall be [illegible] *face*: if your lordship be in't, as I be[illegible] [illegible], you must have the patience to hear it.

[illegible] *enter* Soldiers, *with* Paroles.

[illegible] upon him: muffled: he can say [illegible]; hush! hush!

[illegible] Boodman comes.— *Porto tartarossa.*

[illegible] calls for the tortures: What will you [illegible]m?

[illegible] countess, what I know without con[illegible] pinch me like a pasty, I can say no[illegible]

[illegible] *chimarcho*

[illegible] *coinato chucumarco.*

[illegible] a merciful general.—Our general [illegible] to what I shall ask you out of a [illegible]

[illegible], as I hope to live.

[illegible] *mand of him how many horse*

What say you to that?

[illegible] thousand: but very weak and [illegible]

[illegible] the degradation of a knight [illegible]

is this!

1 *Lord.* You are deceived, n
monsieur Parolles, the gallant mil
his own phrase,) that had the w
war in the knot of his scarf, and t
chape[2] of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never trust a ma
ing his sword clean; nor believe l
thing in him, by wearing his app

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand hors
say true,—or thereabouts, set dov
truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the tr

Ber. But I con him no thanks
ture he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down

Par. I humbly thank you, sir
the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 Sold. *Demand of him, of t*
Lord. What say you to thi

the snow from off their cassocks,[1] lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him.

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions,[2] and what credit I have with the duke.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down. *You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.* What say you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories:[3] Demand them singly.

1 *Sold.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent,[4] that could not say him, nay.

[Dumain *lifts up his hand in anger.*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o'the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Sold.* Dian. *The count's a foo*
gold,—

Par. That is not the duke's lett
an advertisement to a proper maid ir
Diana, to take heed of the allureme
Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, fo
ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up a

1 *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first, by

Par. My meaning in't, I prot
honest in the behalf of the maid: t
young count to be a dangerous and
who is a whale to virginity, and c
the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue

1 Sold. *When he swears oaths,*
gold, and take it;
After he scores, he never pays the
Half won, is match well made; m
make it;[1]
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it
And say, a soldier, Dian, *told thee t*
Men are to mell with, boys are not t

ie; but that, my offences being many, I
ent out the remainder of nature: let me
a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where,
ive.

We'll see what may be done, so you con-
; therefore, once more to this captain
You have answered to his reputation with
and to his valour: What is his honesty?
e will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister;[1]
nd ravishments he parallels Nessus.[3] He
ot keeping of oaths; in breaking them,
ger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with
ility, that you would think truth were a
kenness is his best virtue; for he will be
k; and in his sleep he does little harm,
bed-clothes about him; but they know
ons. and lay him in straw. I have but
to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every
an honest man should not have; what
man should have, he has nothing.

I begin to love him for this.

in this description of thine honesty? A

cut the entail from all remainders, a
succession for it perpetually.

1 *Sold.* What's his brother, the
Dumain?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of

1 *Sold.* What's he?

Par. E'en a crow of the same nest;
so great as the first in goodness, but g
deal in evil. He excels his brother
yet his brother is reputed one of the b
a retreat he outruns any lackey; ma
on he has the cramp.

1 *Sold.* If your life be saved, will
to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his
Rousillon.

1 *Sold.* I'll whisper with the gene
his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a
drums! Only to seem to deserve we
guile the supposition? of that lascivi
the count. have I run into this dan

d. God bless you, captain Parolles.
d. God save you, noble captain.
d. Captain, what greeting will you to my
-u? I am for France.
d. Good captain, will you give me a copy
inet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count
ı? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel
; but fare you well. [*Exe.* Ber. Lords, *&c.*
l. You are undone, captain: all but your
at has a knot on't yet
Who cannot be crushed with a plot?
l. If you could find out a country where
ıen were that had received so much shame,
ıt begin an impudent nation. Fare you
; I am for France too; we shall speak of
e. [*Exit.*
/et am I thankful: if my heart were great,
burst at this: Captain I'll be no more;
ll eat and drink, and sleep as soft
ıin shall: simply the thing I am
ke me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
from this: for it will come to pass

This place is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aid
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be, before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistre
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love; doubt not, but Heav
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dow
As it hath fated her to be my motive[1]
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they ha
When saucy[2] trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter:——You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Di.

All's well that ends well: still the fine's the
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

SCENE V.—Rousillon. *A room in the* Cou
Palace. *Enter* Countess, Lafeu, *and* Clow

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled w
snipt-taffata fellow there; whose villanous sat
would have made all the unbaked and dou
youth of a nation in his colour: your daughte
law had been alive at this hour; and your
here at home, more advanced by the king, than
that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him! it w
he death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, th
ver nature had praise for creating: if she had pa
ken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groan
a mother, I could not have owed her a more
oted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we
y pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such
other herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of
salad, or, rather the herb of grace.[3]

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave, they
rose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have
much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself; a knave,
ool?

A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a
at a man's.

Your distinction?

I would cozen the man of his wife, and do
ce.

So you were a knave at his service, indeed,
d.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, he has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir, *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the

hall of my daughter; which, in the mi-
them both, his majesty, out of a self-gra-
ıembrance, did first propose: his high-
promised me to do it: and, to stop up
asure he hath conceived against your son,
› fitter matter. How does your ladyship

With very much content, my lord, and
ıappily effected.
lis highness comes post from Marseilles,
: body as when he numbered thirty; he
ere to-morrow, or I am deceived by him
:h intelligence hath seldom failed.
It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him
I have letters, that my son will be here
I shall beseech your lordship, to remain
ill they meet together.
Iadam, I was thinking, with what man-
ght safely be admitted.
You need but plead your honourable

ady, of that I have made a bold charter;
ık my God, it holds yet.

SCENE I.—Marseilles. *A street.*
Widow, *and* Diana, *with two*

Hel. But this exceeding posting
Must w ar your spirits low : we c
But, since you have made the day
one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my a
Be bold, you do so grow in my req
As nothing can unroot you. In ha

Enter a gentle Astringe

This man may help me to his maje
If he would spend his power.—Goo

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the co

Gent. I have been sometimes the

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you a
From the report that goes upon you
And therefore, goaded with most sh
Which lay nice manners by, I put y
The use of your own virtues, for the
I shall continue thankful

Not here, sir?
Not, indeed;
last night, and with more haste

Lord, how we lose our pains!
that ends well; yet;
so advérse, and means unfit.—
whither is he gone?
; I take it, to Rousillon;
ıg.
I do beseech you, sir,
to see the king before me,
er to his gracious hand;
, shall render you no blame,
ou thank your pains for it:
ou, with what good speed
ıke us means.
This I'll do for you.
shall find yourself to be well

e.—We must to horse again;—
[*Exeunt.*

ısillon. *The inner court of the*
ce. *Enter* Clown *and* Parolles.

ınsieur Lavatch, give my lord
I have ere now, sir, been better
ıen I have held familiarity with
ıut I am now, sir, muddied in
d smell somewhat strong of her

.
ıune's displeasure is but sluttish,
ng as thou speakest of: I will
ɔ fish of fortune's buttering.—
ıe wind.
need not stop your nose, sir; I
etaphor.
r, if your metaphor stink, I will
r against any man's metaphor.—
further.

(but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the [illegible] fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, [illegible] died withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship.

[*Exit Clown.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom [illegible] cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you; [illegible] the justice make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You b[illegible]

III.—The same. A Room in the Coun-
alace. Flourish. Enter King, Coun-
fen, Lords, Gentlemen, *guards, &c.*

We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem[1]
e much poorer by it: but your son,
folly, lack'd the sense to know
ation home.[2]

'Tis past, my liege:
eech your majesty to make it
bellion, done i'the blaze of youth;
and fire, too strong for reason's force,
it, and burns on.

My honour'd lady,
given and forgotten all;
ıy revenges were high bent upon him,
ı'd the time to shoot.

This I must say,——
beg my pardon,—The young lord
majesty, his mother, and his lady,
mighty note; but to himself

The incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege.

[*Exit* Gentleman.

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me,
That set him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once: But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King.

[illegible] said me,
, u ine ine of every other favour;
ir colour, or express'd it stol'n;
' contracted all proportions,
ideous object: Thence it came,
hom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
at did offend it.

Well excus'd:
'dst love her, strikes some scores away
at compt: But love, that comes too late,
seful pardon slowly carried,
sender turns a sour offence,
's good that's gone: our rash faults,
price of serious things we have,
them, until we know their grave:
asures, to ourselves unjust,
iends, and after weep their dust:
waking cries to see what's done,
il hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Helen's knell, and now forget her.
r amorous token for fair Maudlin:
ents are had: and [illegible]

I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to rea
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sove
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure, I saw her wea

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never s
In Florence was it from a casement thrown m
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the nam
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thou
I stood ingag'd:[1] but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and informed her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicin
Hath not in nature's mystery more science

Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit* Ber. *guarded*.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.
Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes,[1] come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your hiighness with herself.
King. [Reads.] *Upon his many protestations to*

(1) Post-stages.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fa
toll him: for this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well o
Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these sui
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt* Gentleman, *and some atten*

I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the

Enter Bertram, *guarded.*

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are mons
you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lor
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's th

Re-enter Gentleman, *with* Widow *and* Dia

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentin
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.
Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you, must marry me,
Either both, or none.
Laf. Your reputation [*To* Bertram.] comes too short for my daughter, you are no husband for her.
Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.
King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!
Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.
King. What say'st thou to her?
Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.[1]
Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,[2]
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.
Count. He blushes, and 'tis it:

[illegible] the man to-day, if man he be
King. Find him, and bring him hither.
Ber. What c
He's quoted[1] for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and deb
Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth.
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?
King. She hath that ring of
Ber. I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth
She knew her distance, and did angle for m
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's[3] course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her insult coming with her modern grace[4]
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring,
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.
Dia. I must be p
You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me.[5] I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue [illegible]

The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.——
Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose: Did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her; But how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—
What an equivocal companion! is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promised me marriage?

[illegible] that would derive me ill will to spe
therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless
canst say they are married: But thou art too
in thy evidence: therefore stand aside.—
This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good l

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neit

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it

King. If it were yours by none of all these w
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it h

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord;
goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first w

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I kno

King. Take her away, I do not like her now
To prison with her: and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me [illegible]

od mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal
[*Exit* Widow.
er, that owes[1] the ring, is sent for,
ll surety me. But for this lord,
ıbus'd me, as he knows himself,
t he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
himself, my bed he hath defil'd;
t time he got his wife with child:
h she be, she feels her young one kick;
ny riddle, One, that's dead, is quick:
ehold the meaning.

te-enter Widow, *with* Helena.

Is there no exorcist[2]
ıe truer office of mine eyes?
ıat I see?
No, my good lord;
e shadow of a wife you see,
, and not the thing.
Both, both; O, pardon!
my good lord, when I was like this maid,

handkerchief: So, I think thee; [illegible]
I'll make sport with thee: Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:—
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
[*To Diana.*
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that, by the honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.
[*Flourish.*

Advancing.

The king's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, *if this suit be won,*
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and your hearts.

erhaps never raised more laugh-
an in the hands of Shakspeare.
cile my heart to Bertram; a man
generosity, and young without
ries Helen as a coward, and leaves
ate: when she is dead by his un-
home to a second marriage, is ac-
an whom he has wronged, defends
ood, and is dismissed to happiness.
Bertram and Diana had been told
na and Angelo, and, to confess the
nerited to be heard a second time.

JOHNSON.

NG OF THE SHREW.

A Lord.

Christopher Sly, *a drunken tinker.*
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

Baptista, *a rich gentleman of Padua.*
Vincentio, *an old gentleman of Pisa.*
Lucentio, *son to Vincentio, in love with Bi*
Petruchio, *a gentleman of Verona, a su*
Katharina.

Gremio,
Hortensio, } *suitors to Bianca.*

Tranio,
Biondello, } *servants to Lucentio.*

Grumio,
Curtis, } *servants to Petruchio.*

Pedant, *an old fellow set up to*

RACTERS IN THE INDUCTION.

iginal Play of *The Taming of a Shrew*, on the Stationers' books in 1594, and in quarto in 1607.

:c.

ers, Huntsmen, &c.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

a merchant of Athens.
ike of Cestus.
is son, } *suitors to the daughters of Alphonsus.*
vant to Aurelius.
vant to Ferando.
merchant who personates the Duke.

daughters to Alphonsus.

berdasher, and Servants to Ferando and Alphonsus.

ns; and sometimes Ferando's Country House.

INDUCTION.

Before an Alehouse on a Heath.
nter Hostess *and* Sly.

Sly.

you, in faith.
ir of stocks, you rogue!
baggage; the Slies are no rogues:
ronicles, we came in with Richard
herefore, *paucas pallabris*;[2] let the
essa![3]
will not pay for the glasses you have

t a denier: Go by, says Jeronimy;—
l bed, and warm thee.[5]
ow my remedy, I must go fetch the
[*Exit.*
or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll an-

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 Hun. He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.——
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapped in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,

take him up, and manage well the jest:—
him gently to my fairest chamber,
ang it round with all my wanton pictures:
his foul head with warm distilled waters,
urn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.
e me music ready when he wakes,
ke a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
he chance to speak, be ready straight,
vith a low submissive reverence,
What is it your honour will command?
attend him with a silver bason,
rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
r bear the ewer,[1] the third a diaper,[2]
y,—Will't please your lordship cool your
hands?
ne be ready with a costly suit,
k him what apparel he will wear;
r tell him of his hounds and horse,
at his lady mourns at his disease:
de him, that he hath been lunatic;
hen he says he is,—say, that he dreams,
is nothing but a mighty lord.
, and do it kindly,[3] gentle sirs;
be pastime passing excellent,
husbanded with modesty.[4]
en. My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our
part,
hall think, by our true diligence,
o less than what we say he is.
l. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
ch one to his office, when he wakes.—
[*Some bear out* Sly. *A trumpet sounds.*
go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—
[*Exit* Servant.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 *Play.* We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 *Play.* I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didst it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behaviour

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him—madam, do him obeisance,
Tell him from me (as he will win my love,)
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say,—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love?
And then—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,—
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who, for twice seven years, hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.——
[*Exit* Servant.
I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll to counsel them: haply, my presence

please your n
conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will y
day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; c
nor lordship: I never drank sa
if you give me any conserves,
of beef: Ne'er ask me what rai
I have no more doublets than ba
ings than legs, nor no more sh
sometimes, more feet than shoe
my toes look through the overle

Lord. Heaven cease this idl
honour!
O, that a mighty man, of such d
Of such possessions, and so hig
Should be infused with so foul a

Sly. What, would you make
I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son
by birth a pedler, by education
transmutation a bear-herd, and
profession a tinker? Ask Maria

have music? hark! Apollo plays,
[*Music.*
ty caged nightingales do sing:
ou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
sweeter than the lustful bed
e trimm'd up for Semiramis.
wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground.
ou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
ness studded all with gold and pearl.
love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
ds shall make the welkin answer them,
shrill echoes from the hollow earth.
Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds
are as swift
ed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.
Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch
hee straight
ainted by a running brook:
erea all in sedges hid;
em to move and wanton with her breath,

Am I dream'd? or have I dream'd
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speal
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christopnero S
Well, bring our lady hither to our sig
And once again, a pot o' the smallest
2 Serv. Will't please your mighti
your hands?
[*Servants present an ewer, bason,*
O, how we joy to see your wit restor'
O, that once more you knew but what
These fifteen years you have been in s
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if y
Sly. These fifteen years! by my ha
nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?
1 Serv. O, yes, my lord; but very idl
For though you lay here in this goodly
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out
And rail upon the hostess of the house:
And say, you would present her at the

: were, nor no man ever saw.
Lord be thanked for my good amends!
n.
ık thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Page, *as a lady, with attendants.*

w fares my noble lord?
·, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
wife?
, noble lord; What is thy will with her?
ou my wife, and will not call me—
band?
ld call me—lord; I am your goodman.
husband and my lord, my lord and
band;
fe in all obedience.
w it well:—What must I call her?
dam.
Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?
dam, and nothing else; so lords call
es.
m wife, they say that I have dream'd,
slept
ifteen year and more.
and the time seems thirty unto me:
time abandon'd from your bed.
ıuch;——Servants, leave me and her
ıe.——
ess you, and come now to bed.
ice noble lord, let me entreat of you,
e yet for a night or two;
until the sun be set:
sicians have expressly charg'd,
ur your former malady,
yet absent me from your bed:

And melancholy is ...
Therefore, they thought it good you l
And frame your mind to mirth and m
Which bars a thousand harms, and l

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play
commonty[1] a Christmas gambol, or
trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is n
stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't: Come, ma
by my side, and let the world slip;
be younger. [

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Padua. *A Public*
Lucentio *and* Tranio

Luc. Tranio, since—for the grea

ppy, that treats of happiness
e specially to be achiev'd.
thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
to Padua come: as he that leaves
w plash,[1] to plunge him in the deep,
h satiety seeks to quench his thirst.
Mi perdonute,[2] gentle master mine,
all affected as ourself;
it you thus continue your resolve,
the sweets of sweet philosophy.
od master, while we do admire
ue, and this moral discipline,
no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
vote to Aristotle's checks,[3]
be an outcast quite abjur'd:
ic with acquaintance that you have,
ctice rhetoric in your common talk:
id poesy use to quicken[4] you;
hematics, and the metaphysics,
ien, as you find your stomach serves you:
grows, where is no pleasure ta'en;—
sir, study what you most affect.

Gre. To cart her rathe
There, there, Hortensio,
Kath. I pray you, sir,
To make a stale of me a
Hor. Mates, maid! h
mates for you,
Unless you were of gentl
Kath. I'faith, sir, you s
I wis,[2] it is not half way t
But, if it were, doubt not
To comb your noddle with
And paint your face, and
Hor. From all such devil
Gre. And me too, good
Tra. Hush, master! her
toward;
That wench is stark mad, o
Luc. But in the other's s
Maids' mild behaviour and
Peace, Tranio.
Tra. Well said, master; m
Bap. Gentlem

ly books, and instruments, shall be my company;
h them to look, and practise by myself.
Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva
speak. [*Aside.*
Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
ny am I, that our good will effects
anca's grief.
Gre. Why, will you mew[1] her up,
nior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
d make her bear the penance of her tongue?
Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:—
in, Bianca. [*Exit* Bianca.
l for I know, she taketh most delight
music, instruments, and poetry,
oolmasters will I keep within my house,
o instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,
signior Gremio, you,—know any such,
er[2] them hither; for to cunning[3] men
ll be very kind, and liberal
mine own children in good bringing-up;
l so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*
Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too; May I not?
at, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
ew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha!
[*Exit.*
Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts[4]
so good, here is none will hold you. Their love
ot so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our
s together, and fast it fairly out; our cake's
gh on both sides. Farewell:—Yet, for the love
ar my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means
t on a fit man, to teach her that wherein she
ghts, I will wish him to her father.
Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I
y. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never

though her father be very rich, a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it and mine, to endure her loud al there be good fellows in the worl light on them, would take her w money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I ha dowry with this condition,—to l high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, ther rotten apples. But, come; sin makes us friends, it shall be so maintained,—till by helping daughter to a husband, we set hi a husband, and then have to't a anca!—Happy man be his dole! est, gets the ring. How say you

Gre. I am agreed: and 'woul the best horse in Padua to begi would thoroughly woo her, wed and rid the house of her. Come

effect of love in idleness:
n plainness do confess to thee,—
me as secret, and as dear,
the queen of Carthage was,—
urn, I pine, I perish. Tranio,
e not this young, modest girl:
, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Tranio, for I know thou wilt.
aster, it is no time to chide you now;
not rated[1] from the heart:
e touch'd you, nought remains but so,—
captum quam queas minimo.
mercies, lad; go forward; this contents;
ill comfort, for thy counsel's sound.
aster, you look'd so longly[2] on the maid,
u mark'd not what's the pith of all.
yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
e daughter[3] of Agenor had,
great Jove to humble him to her hand,
his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.
w you no more? mark'd you not, how
er sister
cold; and raise up such a storm,
al ears might hardly endure the din?
anio, I saw her coral lips to move,
her breath she did perfume the air;
d sweet, was all I saw in her.
ay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his
rance.
ake, sir; If you love the maid,
ghts and wits to achieve her. Thus it
tands:—
sister is so curst and shrewd,
he father rid his hands of her,
ur love must live a maid at home;
fore has he closely mew'd her up,

Tra. You wil
And undertake the teaching of t
That's your device.

Luc. It is: May

Tra. Not possible; for who sh
And be in Padua here Vincentio
Keep house, and ply his book; we
Visit his countrymen, and banqu

Luc. Basta;[1] content thee;
We have not yet been seen in an
Nor can we be distinguished by
For man, or master: then it follo
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in
Keep house, and port,[2] and serva
I will some other be; some Flore
Some Neapolitan, or mean man o
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—T
Uncase thee; take my colour'd h
When Biondello comes, he waits
But I will charm him first to keep

Tra. So had you need. [*They e*
In brief then, sir, sith[3] it

be a slave, to achieve that maid,
n sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye

Enter Biondello.

the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you
n?
ere have I been? Nay, how now, where
you?
ay fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?
ris? or both? pray, what's the news?
h, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,
e frame your manners to the time
Tranio here, to save my life,
ed and my countenance on,
escape have put on his;
rel, since I came ashore,
, and fear I was descried:
hem, I charge you, as becomes,
e way from hence to save my life
and me?

I, sir? ne'er a whit.

not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
ng'd into Lucentio.
better for him: 'Would I were so too!
would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next
h after,—
nio indeed had Baptista's youngest
ghter
not for my sake, but your master's,—
lvise
r manners discreetly in all kind of
npanies.
done, why, then I am Tranio;
ces else, your master Lucentio.
nio, let's go:—

nouse. *Enter* Petruchio

Pet. Verona, for a while I t
To see my friends in Padua; b
My best beloved and approved
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I

Gru. Knock, sir! whom shoul
any man has rebused your wors

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me

Gru. Knock you here, sir? w
sir, that I should knock you her

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me
And rap me well, or I'll knock

Gru. My master is grown qua
knock you first,
And then I know after who com

Pet. Will it not be
'Faith, sirrah, and you'll not kno
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and
[*He wrings* Gr

Gru. Help, masters, help! m

Pet. Now knock

i not Grumio come by the worst.
senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
e rascal knock upon your gate,
d not get him for my heart to do it.
Knock at the gate?—O heavens!
u not these words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here,*
here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?
e you now with—knocking at the gate?
irrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.
etruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
s is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
ient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale
u to Padua here, from old Verona?
uch wind as scatters young men through the world,
their fortunes further than at home,
nall experience grows. But, in a few,[2]
Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—
my father, is deceas'd;

Be she as foul as [illegible]
As old as Sybil, and as curst and shre
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at
Affection's edge in me; were she as r
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells yo
his mind is: Why, give him gold
marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-b
old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head
have as many diseases as two and fifty
nothing comes amiss, so money comes

Hor. Petruchio, since we have stepp
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and
Brought up, as best becomes a gentle
Her only fault (and that is faults enou
Is,—that she is intolerably curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond
That [illegible] for worser than i

ieep, Hortensio, till I see her;
ore let me be thus bold with you,
a over at this first encounter,
will accompany me thither.
pray you, sir, let him go while the hu-
O' my word, an she knew him as well
: would think scolding would do little
him: She may, perhaps, call him half
aves, or so: why, that's nothing: an he
, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.[1] I'll tell
sir,—an she stand[2] him but a little, he
a figure in her face, and so disfigure her
t she shall have no more eyes to see
a cat: you know him not, sir.
arry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
tista's keep[3] my treasure is:
jewel of my life in hold,
est daughter, beautiful Bianca;
ithholds from me, and other more
ier, and rivals in my love:
it a thing impossible
defects I have before rehears'd,)

Gru. [illegible] old folks, how the young folks lay their [illegible] gether! Master, master, look about you: Who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love:—Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

[*They retire.*

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;[2]
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me:—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess:[3]—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron (stand you so assur'd,)
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

.o inquire carefully
hoolmaster for fair Bianca:
ood fortune, I have lighted well
ung man; for learning, and behaviour,
turn; well read in poetry,
.r books,—good ones, I warrant you.
'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
promis'd me to help me to another,
.e musician to instruct our mistress;
shall I no whit be behind in duty
o fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well:—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know, she is an irksome brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What country-man?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, wer strange:
But, if you have a stomach, to't, o' God's name;
[illegible] have me assisting you in all.
[illegible] cat? [illegible] ?

As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he f

Gre. Hortensio, hark!
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, a
Hor. I promis'd, we would be contril
And bear his charge of wooing, whatso
Gre. And so we will; provided, that h
Gru. I would, I were as sure of a goo

Enter Tranio, *bravely apparelled; and* I

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I ma
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the rea
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?
Gre. He that has the two fair daughte
[*Aside to* Tranio.] he you mean?
Tra. Even he. Biondello!
Gre. Hark you, sir; You mean not her
Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir; Wh

Tra. And if I be, sir, is it any offence?
Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But so is not she.
Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?
Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,—
That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.
Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.
Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.
Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.
Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.
Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?
Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?
Tra. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two;
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.
Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.
Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth;—
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.
Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stand us all, and me among the rest;

Please ye we may contrive this aftern
And quaff carouses to our mistress' h
And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as
Gru. Bion. O excellent motion!—F
begone.
Hor. The motion's good indeed, an
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same. A room i
house. Enter Katharina *and* Bi

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not,
yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of m
That I disdain: but for these other ga
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off m
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will

Kath. Minion, thou liest; Is't not Hortensio?
Bian. If you affect[1] him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.
Kath. O, then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.
Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while:
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.
Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
[*Strikes her.*

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?——
Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—
Go ply thy needle: meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou hilding[2] of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after* Bianca.
Bap. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit* Bianca.
Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,
She is your treasure, she must have a husband?
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit* Kath.
Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, *with* Lucentio *in the habit of a mean man;* Petruchio, *with* Hortensio *as a musician; and* Tranio, *with* Biondello *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

(1) Love. (2) A worthless woman.

', neighbour Gremio: *God*

l sir! Pray, have you not a

and virtuous?
ıter, sir, call'd Katharina.
unt, go to it orderly.
, signior Gremio; give me

erona, sir,
beauty, and her wit,
ıful modesty,
and mild behaviour,—
f a forward guest
ıake mine eye the witness
o oft have heard.
my entertainment,
man of mine,
[*Presenting* Hortensio.
he mathematics,
ıose sciences,
not ignorant:
ou do me wrong;
n Mantua.
, sir; and he, for your

harine,—this I know,
he more my grief.
nean to part with her;
company.
I speak but as I find.
ıt may I call your name?
me; Antonio's son,
hout all Italy.
you are welcome for his

Petruchio, I pray,
oners, speak too:
ous forward.

nation then in use.

rdon me, signior Gremio; I would fain
doing.
ıbt it not, sir; but you will curse your
ing.——
ıis is a gift very grateful, I am sure of
ss the like kindness myself, that have
ıdly beholden to you than any, I freely
this young scholar [*Presenting* Lu-
hath been long studying at Rheims;
Greek, Latin, and other languages,
ı music and mathematics: his name
ray, accept his service.
ıusand thanks, signior Gremio: wel-
ambio.—But, gentle sir [*To* Tranio.]
walk like a stranger; May I be so
the cause of your coming?
ɔn me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
stranger in this city here,
elf a suitor to your daughter,
fair, and virtuous.
m resolve unknown to me,
ıent of the eldest sister:
all that I request,—
ıowledge of my parentage,
elcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
ss and favour as the rest.
he education of your daughters,
a simple instrument,
packet of Greek and Latin books:
them, then their worth is great.
ntio is your name? of whence, I
?
sa, sir; son to Vincentio.
ghty man of Pisa; by report
ell: you are very welcome, sir.—
Hor.] the lute, and you [*To* Luc.]

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands:
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
This is,—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all

/ Hortensio, *with his head broken.*

ſow now, my friend? why dost thou look
so pale?
. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.
. What, will my daughter prove a good
musician?
. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier;
ıay hold with her, but never lutes.
. Why, then thou canst not break her to the
lute?
. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
ıut tell her, she mistook her frets,[1]
ow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
call you these? quoth she: *I'll fume with*
them:
with that word, she struck me on the head,
ırough the instrument my pate made way;
ıere I stood amaz'd for a while,
a pillory, looking through the lute:
she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
twangling Jack;[2] with twenty such vile
terms,
had studied to misuse me so.
Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
her ten times more than e'er I did:
v I long to have some chat with her!
. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
ed in practice with my younger daughter;
apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
r Petruchio, will you go with us;
ıll I send my daughter Kate to you?
. I pray you do; I will attend her here,—
[*Exe.* Bap. Gre. Tra. *and* Hor.
woo her with some spirit when she comes.

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married:—
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katharina.

Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.
Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;
They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.
Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.
Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.
Pet. Why, what's a moveable?
Kath. A joint-stool.
Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.
Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.
Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.
Kath. No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.
Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are
angry.
be waspish, best beware my sting.
medy is then, to pluck it out.
if the fool could find it where it lies.
knows not where a wasp doth wear
sting?

n his tongue.
Whose tongue?
rs, if you talk of tails; and so fare-
.
, with my tongue in your tail? nay,
e again,
am a gentleman.
That I'll try.
[*Striking him.*
r I'll cuff you, if you strike again.
ay you lose your arms:
ne, you are no gentleman;
tleman, why, then no arms.
ld, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis w

Kath.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth,
not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passir
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, a
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, pas
toous;
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-tir
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not lool
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in tall
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report, that Kate d
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazl
Is straight and slender; and as brown in
As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kern

not wise?

Yes; keep you warm.

, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy

, setting all this chat aside,
terms:—Your father hath consented
be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
, nill you, I will marry you.
am a husband for your turn;
ght, whereby I see thy beauty
that doth make me like thee well,)
married to no man but me:
am born to tame you, Kate;
a from a wild cat to a Kate
as other household Kates.
our father; never make denial,
l have Katharine to my wife.

Baptista, Gremio, *and* Tranio.

hio: How speed you with

How but well, sir? how but well?
sible I should speed amiss.
, how now, daughter Katharine? in
dumps?
ou me daughter? now I promise you,
w'd a tender fatherly regard,
ed to one half lunatic;
ffian, and a swearing Jack,
ith oaths to face the matter out.
'tis thus,—yourself and all the world,
her, have talk'd amiss of her;
t, it is for policy:
froward, but modest as the dove;

Tra. is
night our p
Pet. Be patient, gentlemen,
myself;
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that t
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being
That she shall still be curst in comp
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the k
She hung about my neck; and kis
She vied so fast, protesting oath
That in a twink she won me to h
O, you are novices! 'tis a world
How tame, when men and wom
A meacock[3] wretch can make th
Give me thy hand, Kate: I wi
To buy apparel 'gainst the we
Provide the feast, father, and
I will be sure, my Katharine
Bap. I know not what to s
hands;
God send you joy, Petruchi
Gre. *Tra.* Amen, say we
father, and wife, a
day c

I'was a commodity lay fretting by you:
ng you gain, or perish on the seas.
'he gain I seek is—quiet in the match.
o doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
Baptista, to your younger daughter;—
: day we long have looked for;
neighbour, and was suitor first.
nd I am one, that love Bianca more
ls can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
ingling! thou canst not love so dear as I.
rey-beard! thy love doth freeze.
But thine doth fry.
tand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.
ut youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
ontent you, gentlemen; I'll compound
his strife:
, must win the prize; and he, of both,
assure my daughter greatest dower,
Bianca's love.—
or Gremio, what can you assure her?
irst, as you know, my house within the
ity,
rnish'd with plate and gold;
d ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
ngs all of Tyrian tapestry:
offers I have stuff'd my crowns;
chests my arras, counterpoints,
arel, tents, and canopies,
Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Venice gold in needle-work,
l brass, and all things that belong
or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
andred milch-kine to the pail,
t oxen standing in my stalls,
ings answerable to this portion.

Of [illegible]
What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?
Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of
My land amounts not to so much in all
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road:—
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?
Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath
Than three great argosies; besides two gal
And twelve tight gallies: these I will assu
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer's
Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no
And she can have no more than all I hav
If you like me, she shall have me and mi
Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from
world,
By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vi
Bap. I must confess, your offer is the
And, let your father make her the assura
She is your own; else, you must pardon
If you should die before him, where's h
Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I
Gre. And may not young men die, as

I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Ex.*
Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee
not;
young gamester, your father were a fool
e thee all, and, in his waning age,
t under thy table: Tut! a toy!
Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*
A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
have faced it with a card of ten.[1]
my head to do my master good:—
o reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;
at's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
their children; but, in this case of wooing,
d shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

E I.—A room in Baptista's *house. Enter* Lucentio, Hortensio, *and* Bianca.

Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
you so soon forgot the entertainment
ster Katharine welcom'd you withal?
. But, wrangling pedant, this is
atroness of heavenly harmony:
give me leave to have prerogative;
hen in music we have spent an hour,
lecture shall have leisure for as much.
. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
ow the cause why music was ordain'd!
not, to refresh the mind of man,
his studies, or his usual pain?

[*To* Bianca.—Hortensio

Luc. That will be never;—tune your lu

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:—

Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your. *Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, in my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the pantaloon.[2]

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

[*Retu*

Bian. Let's hear;— [Hortensio

O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not; *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not,—*Hic steterat Priami*, take h

How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule,[1] I'll watch you better yet.
Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.
Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.
Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.
Hor. You may go walk, [*To* Lucentio.] and give me leave a while;
My lessons make no music in three parts.
Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*
Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.
Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.
Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.
Bian. [*Reads.*] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,*
A re, *to plead Hortensio's passion;*
B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*
C fa ut, *that loves with all affection;*
D sol re, *one cliff, two notes have I;*
E la mi, *show pity, or I die.*
Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,[2]
To change true rules for odd inventions.

(1) Pedant. (2) Fantastical.

bling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure,[3] which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock[4] on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list: an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* pricked in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;—
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Enter Petruchio *and* Grumio.

t. Come, where be these gallants? who is at
home?
p. You are welcome, sir.
. And yet I come not well.
p. And yet you halt not.
z. Not so well apparell'd
wish you were.
. Were it better I should rush in thus.
here is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
does my father?—Gentles, methinks you
frown:
wherefore gaze this goodly company;
they saw some wondrous monument,
comet, or unusual prodigy?
p. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-
day:
were we sad, fearing you would not come;
sadder, that you come so unprovided.
doff this habit, shame to your estate,
e-sore to our solemn festival.
z. And tell us, what occasion of import
all so long detain'd you from your wife,
ent you hither so unlike yourself?
Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
eth, I am come to keep my word,
gh in some part enforced to digress;[1]
, at more leisure, I will so excuse
u shall well be satisfied withal.
where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
orning wears, 'tis time we were at church.
. See not your bride in these unreverent
robes;
my chamber, put on clothes of mine.
Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.
. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

And seal the title with a lovely

[*Exeunt* Petruchio, Grur

Tra. He hath some meaning
We will persuade him, be it po
To put on better ere he go to cl

Bap. I'll after him, and see t

Tra. But, sir, to her love co
Her father's liking: Which to b
As I before imparted to your w
I am to get a man,—whate'er h
It skills[1] not much: we'll fit hin
And he shall be Vincentio of Pi
And make assurance, here in Pa
Of greater sums than I have pro
So shall you quietly enjoy your l
And marry sweet Bianca with c

Luc. Were it not that my fell
Doth watch Bianca's steps so na
'Twere good, methinks, to steal
Which once perform'd, let all th
I'll keep mine own, despite of al

Tra. That by degrees we mea
And watch

and bridegroom coming

ay you? 'tis a groom, in-

that the girl shall find.
? why, 'tis impossible.
il, a devil, a very fiend.
l, a devil, the devil's dam.
ib, a dove, a fool to him.
; When the priest
: should be his wife,
:h he; and swore so loud,
st let fall the book:
to take it up,
oom took him such a cuff,
book, and book and priest;
ı he, *if any list.*
ıch, when he arose again?
ook; for why, he stamp'd,

cozen him.
:s done,
ealth, quoth he; as if
ɔusing to his mates
off the muscadel,[1]
ı the sexton's face;
—
thin and hungerly,
ops as he was drinking.
:ide about the neck;
such a clamorous smack,
the church did echo.
ce for very shame;
ıe rout is coming:
ıver was before;

[illegible] prepar'd great store c
But so it is, my haste doth call
And therefore here I mean to tal
Bap. Is't possible, you will a
Pet. I must away to-day, bef
Make it no wonder; if you knev
You would entreat me rather go
And, honest company, I thank y
That have beheld me give away
To this most patient, sweet, and
Dine with my father, drink a hea
For I must hence, and farewell t
Tra. Let us entreat you stay t
Pet. It may not be.
Gre. Let me e
Pet. It cannot be.
Kath. Let me en
Pet. I am content.
Kath. Are you c
Pet. I am content you shall ent
But yet not stay, entreat me how
Kath. Now, if you love me, sta
Pet.

will be angry; What hast thou to do?—
e quiet; he shall stay my leisure.
y, marry, sir: now it begins to work.
entlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—
man may be made a fool,
l not a spirit to resist.
ey shall go forward, Kate, at thy com-
nand:—
ride, you that attend on her:
feast, revel and domineer,
ll measure to her maidenhead,
d merry,——or go hang yourselves;
bonny Kate, she must with me.-
not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
aster of what is mine own:
goods, my chattels; she is my house,
old-stuff, my field, my barn,
my ox, my ass, my any thing;
she stands, touch her whoever dare;
ny action on the proudest he
my way in Padua.——Grumio,
thy weapon, we're beset with thieves;
mistress, if thou be a man:—
sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
Kate;
r thee against a million.
unt Petruchio, Katharine, *and* Grumio.
ay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.
ent they not quickly, I should die with
aughing.
all mad matches, never was the like!
stress, what's your opinion of your sister?
That, being mad herself, she's madly
nated.
varrant him, Petruchio is Kated.
ighbours and friends, though bride and

SCENE I.—*A hall in* Petruchio's *country house.*
Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades! on all mai masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man s beaten? was ever man so rayed?! was ever ma so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and the are coming after to warm them. Now, were n I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips migl freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of m mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come t a fire to thaw me:—But I, with blowing the fir shall warm myself; for, considering the weathe a taller man than I will take cold.—Holla, ho Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, th may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with greater a run but my head and my neck. A fi good Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.
Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is
ot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt
u make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our
tress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou
t soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow
y hot office.
urt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How
the world?
ru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but
; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have
duty; for my master and mistress are almost
n to death.
urt. There's fire ready; And therefore, good
nio, the news?
ru. Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!* and as much
as thou wilt.
urt. Come, you are so full of conycatching:—
ru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught ex-
e cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready,
house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs
t; the serving-men in their new fustian, their
e stockings, and every officer his wedding-
ment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills
without, the carpets laid, and every thing in
r?
urt. All ready; And therefore, I pray thee,
s?
ru. First, know, my horse is tired; my mas-
nd mistress fallen out.
urt. How?
ru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; And
by hangs a tale.
urt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.
ru. Lend thine ear.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:——But
crossed me, thou should'st have heard
fell, and she under her horse; thou
heard, in how miry a place: how sl
ed;[1] how he left her with the horse
he beat me because her horse stumb
waded through the dirt to pluck him
he swore; how she prayed—that ne
fore; how I cried; how the horses r
her bridle was burst;[2] how I lost m
with many things of worthy memory
shall die in oblivion, and thou return
ced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is mo
she.

Gru. Ay; and that, thou and the
you all shall find, when he comes hor
talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel,
olas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and
their heads be sleekly combed, the
brushed, and their garters of an indi
let them curtsey with their left legs;
sume to touch a hair of my master's
they kiss their hand

call them forth to credit her.
'hy, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Velcome home, Grumio.
ow now, Grumio?
at, Grumio!
'ellow Grumio!
low now, old lad?
'elcome, you;—how now, you;—what,
w, you; and thus much for greeting.
ruce companions, is all ready, and all
?
ll things is ready: How near is our

n at hand, alighted by this; and there
——Cock's passion, silence!——I hear

ter Petruchio *and* Katharina.

ere be these knaves? What, no man
door,
stirrup, nor to take my horse?
athaniel, Gregory, Philip?——
Here, here, sir; here, sir.
, sir: here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!—
headed and unpolish'd grooms!
ttendance? no regard? no duty?—
e foolish knave I sent before?
re, sir: as foolish as I was before.
pleasant swain! you whoreson malt-
rse drudge!
d thee meet me in the park.
along these rascal knaves with thee:
thaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
l's pumps were all unpink'd i'the heel
no linke to colour Peter's hat,

Yet, as they are, here [illegible]
Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch r
[*Exeunt some*
Where is the life that late I led—
Where are those——Sit down, Ka
Soud, soud, soud, soud !!

Re-enter Servants, *with*

Why, when, I say ?—Nay, good
merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, yo
It was the friar of orders
As he forth walked on his
Out, out, you rogue ! you pluck
Take that, and mend the pluckin

Be merry, Kate :—Some water,
Where's my spaniel Troilus ?—
hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand

One, Kate, that you must kiss,

1.

Ay.

Who brought it?

1.

nd so is all the meat.

? Where is the rascal cook:
ns, bring it from the dresser,
ne that love it not?
, trenchers, cups, and all:
he meat, see about the stage
ls, and unmeaned slaves!
le? I'll be with you straight
husband, be not so disquiet
f you were so contented
Kate, 'twas burnt and dried

orbid to touch it,
er, planteth anger;
at both of us did fast,
urselves are choleric,—
h over-roasted flesh.
w it shall be mended,
e'll fast for company:—
e to thy bridal chamber.
ntio, Katharina, *and* Curtis

. Peter, didst ever see the

in her own humour

nter Curtis

:

ber,
confidency to her.
ead rates: that she, poor soul,
y to stand, to look, to speak

She eat [illegible] meat, and will not be obedi
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she sha
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolste
This way the coverlet, another way the shee
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,[4]
That all is done in reverent care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is the way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstr
humour:—
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to show. [E

SCENE II.—Padua. *Before* Baptista's *hou*
Enter Tranio *and* Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears [illegible]

my heart. ... your
... sweet dear, prove mistress of
Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me,
I pray, [*They retire.*
t durst swear that your mistress Bianca
one in the world so well as Lucentio.
O despiteful love! unconstant woman-
kind!—
, Licio, this is wonderful.
listake no more: I am not Licio,
cian, as I seem to be;
t scorn to live in this disguise,
one as leaves a gentleman,
a god of such a cullion:
hat I am call'd—Hortensio.
ior Hortensio, I have often heard
e affection to Bianca;
he eyes are witness of her lightness,
a,—if you be so contented,—
ca and her love for ever.
ow they kiss and court!—Signior
atio,
d, and here I firmly vow—
r more; but I ...

[*Exit* Hortensio.—Luc.

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed
Nay, I have ta'en you napping,
And have forsworn you, with H

Bian. Tranio, you jest; But
sworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then w

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lust
That shall be woo'd and wedde

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. H

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto t

Bian. The taming-school! wl
a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruc
That teacheth tricks eleven and t
To tame a shrew, and charm her c

Enter Biondello, *run*

I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt* Lucentio *and* Bianca

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!
Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest?
Ped. Sir, at the furthest for a week or two:
But then up further, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of Mantua.
Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua; Know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.
Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you;—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.
Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and
all one.

As

Till you have done yo
If this be courtesy, sir,
Ped. O, sir, I do; ar
The patron of my life
Tra. Then go with n
This, by the way, I let
My father is here look'c
To pass assurance of a
'Twixt me and one Bap
In all these circumstanc
Go with me, sir, to cloth

SCENE III.—A room
ter Katharina

Gru. No, no; forsooth
Kath. The more my w
appears:
What, did he marry me t
Beggars, that come unto n
Upon entreaty, have a pre
If not, elsewhere

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.
Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat:—
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?
Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio *with a dish of meat; and* Hortensio.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
[*Sets the dish on a table.*
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then, thou lov'st it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof:——

so shall mine, be[illegible]

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.

me, mistress Kate. I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.—

[*Aside.*

much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house;

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,

With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;

With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,[1]

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,

To deck thy body with his ruffling[2] treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir!

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;

A velvet dish;—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;

Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,

And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,

And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;

(1) Finery.

(2) Rustling.

n no child, no babe:
ıt'd me say my mind;
st you stop your ears.
: anger of my heart;
eaking it, will break:
ll, I will be free
as I please, in words.
'st true; it is a paltry cap,
uble, a silken pie:
t thou lik'st it not.
ove me not, I like the cap;
[will have none.
ıy, ay:—Come, tailor, let us

nasking stuff is here?
'tis like a demi-cannon:
carv'd like an apple-tart?
nd cut, and slish, and slash,
arber's shop:—
ame, tailor, call'st thou this?
te to have neither cap nor
[*Aside.*
ıke it orderly and well,
n, and the time.
; but if you be remembered,
t to the time.
kennel home,
out my custom, sir:
make your best of it.
better-fashion'd gown,
asing, nor more commend-

ıke a puppet of me.
means to make a puppet of

worship means to make a

ılinary term for raised crust.
embled our braziers in shape.

Thou flea, thou [illegible]
Brav'd in mine own house with a [illegible]
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou [illegible]
Or I shall so be-mete[1] thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou live!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd his [illegible]
Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd; the [illegible]
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.
Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the [illegible]
Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?
Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.
Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?
Gru. Thou hast faced many things.
Tai. I have.
Gru. Face not me: thou hast brav'd many men;
brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved.
I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the
gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo,
thou liest.
Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to
testify.
Read it [illegible] I said

sleeves.
:riously cut.
e villany.
bill, sir; error i'the bill. I
ves should be cut out, and
l that I'll prove upon thee,
r be arm'd in a thimble.
hat I say; an I had thee in
uld'st know it.
straight: take thou the bill,
l,[1] and spare not me.
, Grumio! then he shall have

rief, the gown is not for me.
:ight, sir; 'tis for my mistress.
unto thy master's use.
r thy life: Take up my mis-
aster's use!
t's your conceit in that?
aceit is deeper than you think

gown to his master's use!

y thou wilt see the tailor
[*Aside.*
gone, and say no more.
ay thee for thy gown to-mor-

f his hasty words:
nd me to thy master.
[*Exit* Tailor.
ay Kate; we will unto your

nean habiliments;
oud, our garments poor:

[illegible] men, and [illegible]
[illegible] horses [illegible]
[illegible] manner and
[illegible] may come th[illegible]

[illegible] Tranio, and [illegible]

[illegible]

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.
Bion. Tut! fear not me.
Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?
Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.
Tra. Thou'rt a tall[1] fellow; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.—

Enter Baptista *and* Lucentio.

Signior Baptista, you are haply met:—
Sir, [*To the* Pedant.]
This is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.
Ped. Soft, son!—
Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself.
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and,—if you please to like
No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious[2] I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say;—
Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, ...
Pitchers have ears, and I have many ser
Besides, old Gremio is hark'ning still;
And, happily,[3] we might be interrupted.
Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like y
There doth my father lie; and there, this
We'll pass the business privately and wel
Send for your daughter by your servant h
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently
The worst is this,—that, at so slender wan
You're like to have a thin and slender pitt
Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, hie yo
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.
Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my
Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get the
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your chee
Come, sir; we'll better it in Pisa.
Bap.

behind, to expound the meaning or
signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is saf
the deceiving father of a deceitful s

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brou
the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at Saint Lu
at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; except th
about a counterfeit assurance: Take
of her, *cum privilegio ad imprime*
to the church;—take the priest, cle
sufficient honest witnesses:
If this be not that you look for, I ha
say,
But, bid Bianca farewell for ever an

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a
in an afternoon as she went to the ga
by to stuff a rabbit; and so may yo
ulen, sir. My master hath appoint
Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be r
against you come with your appendi

Luc. I may, and will, if she be s
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore sh
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go
all go hard, if Cambio go witho

SCENE V.—*A public road.* En
Katharina, *and* Hortens

Pet. Come on, o' God's name;

Go on, and fetch our [illegible]
Evermore cross'd, and cross'd; nothing
Hor. Say as he says, or we shall nev
Kath. Forward, I pray, since we h
far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you l
And if you please to call it a rush ca
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me
Pet. I say, it is the moon. I know
Kath.
Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the b
Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it
sun:—
But sun it is not, when you say it is
And the moon changes, even as you
What you will have it nam'd, even
And so it shall be so, for Katharine
Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; t
Pet. Well, forward, forward:
should run,
And not unluckily against the bias
But soft: what company is coming

will make the man mad, to make a
him.
ung budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and
veet,
say: or where is thy abode?
parents of so fair a child:
man, whom favourable stars
or his lovely bed-fellow!
y, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not
ad:
an, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
maiden, as thou say'st he is.
ardon, old father, my mistaking eyes.
been so bedazzled with the sun,
thing I took on seemeth green:
eive, thou art a reverend father;
ray thee, for my mad mistaking.
good old grandsire: and, withal, make
nown
thou travellest: if along with us,
e joyful of thy company
r sit,—and you my merry mistress,
your strange encounter much amaz'd
e;
call'd – Vincentio: my dwelling—Pisa
I am to Padua: there to visit
me, which long I have not seen.
at is his name?
Lucentio, gentle sir
opily met: the happier for thy son.
y law, as well as reverend age,
le thee – my loving father.
o my wife, this gentlewoman,
this hath married. Wonder not,
grieve'd: she is of good esteem,
wealthy, and of worthy birth:

Pet. Come, s[illegible] hath n
For our first merriment hath
[*Exeunt* Petruchio, Kath
Hor. Well, Petruchio, this
Have to my widow; and if
Then hast thou taught Horte

ACT

SCENE *I.*—Padua. *B*
Enter on one side Bion
anca; Gremio *walking*

Bion. Softly and swift
ready.
Luc. I fly, Biondello:
need thee at home, there
Bion. Nay, faith, I'l
back; and then come
[*Ex*

e. They're busy within, you were best knock r.

Enter Pedant *above, at a window.*

d. What's he, that knocks as he would beat the gate?

n. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

d. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

n. What if a man bring him a hundred pound o, to make merry withal?

d. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he need none, so long as I live.

t. Nay, I told you, your son was beloved in a.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous cir- tances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the to speak with him.

d. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa, here looking out at the window.

n. Art thou his father?

d. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may be- her.

t. Why, how now, gentleman! [*To* Vincen.] this is flat knavery, to take upon you another s name.

d. Lay hands on the villain; I believe 'a s to cozen somebody in this city under my enance.

Re-enter Biondello.

on. I have seen them in the church together; end 'em good shipping!—But who is here? old master, Vincentio? now we are undone, rought to nothing.

n. Come hither, crack-hemp.

[*Seeing* Biondello.

on. I hope, I may choose, sir.

n. Come hither, you rogue. What have you

Vin. Is't so, [illegible]

Bion. Help, help, help! he
murder me.

Ped. Help, son! help, sign
[*E*

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's
the end of this controversy.

Re-enter Pedant *below*; Bap
vants.

Tra. Sir, what are you,
servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? n
O immortal gods! O fine vil
a velvet hose! a scarlet clo
—O, I am undone! I am u
good husband at home, n
spend all at the university

Tra. How now! what

Bap. What, is the ma

Tra. Sir, you seem a
by your habit, but your
man: Why, sir, what c
[illegible] I thank

tio!—and he is mine only son, and heir to the
if me, signior Vincentio.
Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his
er!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the du
ame:—O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou vill
here is my son Lucentio?
Tra. Call forth an officer: [*Enter one with*
ficer.] carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Fat
ptista, I charge you see, that he be forth-comin
Vin. Carry me to the gaol!
Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.
Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio; I say, he sha
o prison.
Tra. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be
y-catched in this business; I dare swear
s the right Vincentio.
d. Swear, if thou darest.
s. Nay, I dare not swear it.
s. Then thou wert best say, that I am not
tio.
Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.
Away with the dotard; to the gaol with
Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd:—
rous villain!

Biondello, *with* Lucentio, *and* Bianca.

O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is;
, forswear him, or else we are all undone.
'ardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*
Lives my sweetest son?
Biondello, Tranio, *and* Pedant *run out.*
ardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*
How hast thou offended?—
ucentio?

Made me exchange my sta
While he did bear my cour
And happily I have arriv'd
Unto the wished haven of r
What Tranio did, myself en
Then pardon him, sweet fat

Vin. I'll slit the villain's
sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir;
you married my daughter wi
will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista;
go to: But I will in, to be rev

Bap. And I, to sound the

Luc. Look not pale, Bianc
frown. [*Ex*

Gre. My cake is dough:
rest;
Out of hope of all,—but my s

Cath. What, in the midst of the street?
Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?
Cath. No, sir; God forbid:—but ashamed to kiss.
Pet. Why, then let's home again:—Come, sirrah, let's away.
Cath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.
Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;
er once than never, for never too late. [*Exe.*

NE II.—*A room in* Lucentio's *house. A* nquet *set out. Enter* Baptista, Vincentio, remio, *the* Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, atharina, Hortensio, *and* Widow. Tranio, ondello, Grumio, *and others, attending.*

ic. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
time it is, when raging war is done,
mile at 'scapes and perils overblown.—
air Bianca, bid my father welcome,
e I with self-same kindness welcome thine:—
er Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—
thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
: with the best, and welcome to my house;
anquet[1] is to close our stomachs up,
our great good cheer: Pray you, sit down;
ow we sit to chat, as well as eat.
[*They sit at table.*
!. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!
p. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.
. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
r. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.
: Now for my life, Hortensio fears[2] his widow.
d. Then never trust me if I be afeard.

Hor. My widow says, thus she
Pet. Very well mended: Kiss
widow.
Kath. He that is giddy, think
round:—
I pray you, tell me what you me
Wid. Your husband, being
shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow
And now you know my meaning
Kath. A very mean meaning
Wid.
Kath. And I am mean, indee
Pet. To her, Kate!
Hor. To her, widow!
Pet. A hundred marks, my l
down.
Hor. That's my office.
Pet. Spoke like an officer:—l
[*Dr*
Bap. How likes Gremio these q

ome all.
nt Bianca, Katharina, *and* Widow.
hath prevented me.—Here, Signior
nio,
. aim'd at, though you hit her not;
health to all that shot and miss'd.
:, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-
nd,
himself, and catches for his master.
d swift[1] simile, but something curish.
well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
your deer does hold you at a bay.
, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.
nk thee for that gird,[2] good Tranio.
ess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
s a little gall'd me, I confess;
st did glance away from me,
e it maim'd you two outright.
, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
nast the veriest shrew of all.
I say—no: and therefore, for assu-
ce,
e send unto his wife;
se wife is most obedient
rst when he doth send for her,
wager which we will propose.
ent:——What is the wager?
Twenty crowns.
nty crowns!
much on my hawk, or hound,
mes so much upon my wife.
ndred then.
Content.
A match; 'tis done.

Bion.
That she is busy, and she cann
Pet. How! she is busy, and
Is that an answer?
Gre. Ay, and
Pray God, sir, your wife send
Pet. I hope, better.
Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, g
wife
To come to me forthwith.
Pet.
Nay, then she must needs co
Hor.
Do what you can, yours will
Re-enter Bio
Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She says, you hav
hand;
She will not come; she bid
Pet. Worse and worse;
vile,
Intolerable, not to be endu
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?
Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
winge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
way, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit* Katharina.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
In awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.
Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter Katharina, *with* Bianca, *and* Widow.

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[Katharina *pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*
Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?
Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time.
Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-strong women
What *duty they do owe* their lords and husbands.

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And, not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,

[illegible] froward and unable worms!
[illegible]y heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
[illegible]o bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
[illegible]ut now, I see our lances are but straws;
[illegible]r strength as weak, our weakness past com-
pare,—
[illegible]t seeming to be most, which we least are.
[illegible]n vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;
[illegible] place your hands below your husband's foot:
[illegible]ies of which duty, if he please,
[illegible]and is ready, may it do him ease.
Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss
me, Kate.
Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt
ha't.
'Tis a good hearing, when children are
toward.
But a harsh hearing, when women are
froward.
[illegible]me, Kate, we'll to bed:——
[illegible]are married, but you two are sped.
[illegible]n the wager, though you hit the white;
[illegible] a winner, God give you good night!
[*Exeunt* Petruchio [illegible]
[illegible] go thy ways, thou [illegible]
[illegible]w.

incidents.

The part between Baptista and Gremio is eminently sprightly and diverting. At the arrival of Bianca, the arrival of the real father produces more perplexity than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and diverting.

WINTER'S TALE.

Cleomenes, } *Sicilian lords.*
Dion, }
Another Sicilian lord.
Rogero, *a Sicilian gentleman.*
An attendant on the young prince Mam
Officers of a court of judicature.
Polixenes, *king of Bohemia.*
Florizel, *his son.*
Archidamus, *a Bohemian lord.*
A mariner.
Gaoler.
An old shepherd, reputed father of Perd
Clown, his son.
Servant to the old shepherd.
Autolycus, *a rogue.*
Time, as Chorus.

Hermione, *queen to Leontes.*
Perdita, *daughter to Leontes and Hermio*
Paulina, *wife to Antigonus.*

WINTER'S TAL

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *An Antecha*
tes' palace. Enter Camillo *and*

Archidamus.

If you shall chance, Camillo, to visi
the like occasion whereon my servic
foot, you shall see, as I have said, g
betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicil

Cam. I think, this coming summe
Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the v
he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainme
us, we will be justified in our loves:

Cam. 'Beseech you,——

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the
knowledge: we cannot with such
in so rare—I know not what to sa
give you sleepy drinks; that your s
ment of our insufficience, may, th
not praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too
given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my

embassies; that [illegible] shook hands, as though absent; shook hands, as though embraced, as it were, from the winds. The heavens continue [illegible]

Arch. I think, there is not in malice, or matter, to alter it. speakable comfort of your young it is a gentleman of the greatest came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with him: it is a gallant child; or sics the subject,[3] makes old he went on crutches ere he was life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be

Cam. Yes; if there were they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no to live on crutches till he h

SCENE II.—*The same.* palace. *Enter* Leonte Mamillius, Camillo, an

Nine changes of t

That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence: That may blow
No sneaping[1] winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly! Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then: and in that
I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
ere there necessity in your request, although
were needful I denied it. My affairs
even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
e, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
on a charge, and trouble: to save both,
well, our brother.

n. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.
. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
l drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure,
ohemia's well: this satisfaction
some day proclaim'd; say this to him,
: from his best ward.

Well said, Hermione.
o tell, he longs to see his son. were strong:
a say so then, and let him go;

(1) Nipping.

[illegible], my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come
Is that an answer?
Gr. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope, better.
Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* Biondello.
Pet. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter Biondello.

Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
[illegible]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.
Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
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For she is chang'd, as she had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter Katharina, *with* Bianca, *and* Widow.

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[Katharina *pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds:
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And, not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for pea
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and ob
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and sv

pare,—
ming to be most, which we least are.
il your stomachs,[1] for it is no boot;
ce your hands below your husband's foot:
of which duty, if he please,
l is ready, may it do him ease.
Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss
me, Kate.
Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt
ha't.
'Tis a good hearing, when children are
toward.
But a harsh hearing, when women are
froward.
Come, Kate, we'll to bed:——
e are married, but you two are sped.
won the wager, though you hit the white;
[*To* Lucentio.
ing a winner, God give you good night!
[*Exeunt* Petruchio *and* Kath.
Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst
shrew.

...y sprightly and diverting
of Bianca, the arrival of the rea
produces more perplexity than
whole play is very popular and

WINTER'S TALE.

Antigonus, } Sicilian lords.
Cleomenes, }
Dion, }

Another Sicilian lord.

Rogero, *a Sicilian gentleman.*

An attendant on the young prince Mamillius.

Officers of a court of judicature.

Polixenes, *king of Bohemia.*

Florizel, *his son.*

Archidamus, *a Bohemian lord.*

A mariner.

Gaoler.

An old shepherd, reputed father of Perdita

Clown, his son.

Servant to the old shepherd.

Autolycus, *a rogue.*

Time, as Chorus.

Hermione, *queen to Leontes.*

Perdita, *daughter to Leontes and Hermi*

INTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

—Sicilia. *An Antechamber in* Leon-
Enter Camillo *and* Archidamus.

Archidamus.

chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on
sion whereon my services are now on
I see, as I have said, great difference
Bohemia and your Sicilia.
nk, this coming summer, the king of
to pay Bohemia the visitation which
s him.
erein our entertainment shall shame
, justified in our loves: for, indeed,—
eech you,——
ily, I speak it in the freedom of my
we cannot with such magnificence—
know not what to say.——We will
py drinks: that your senses, unintelli-
insufficience, may, though they can-
as little accuse us.
pay a great deal too dear, for what's

ieve me, I speak as my understanding

Arch. I think, there is not in the w
malice, or matter, to alter it. You h
speakable comfort of your young prince
it is a gentleman of the greatest promis
came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in t
him: it is a gallant child; one that, i
sics the subject,[3] makes old hearts fresh
went on crutches ere he was born, des
life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content i

Cam. Yes; if there were no other
they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they w
to live on crutches till he had one.

SCENE II.—The same. A room of palace. ***Enter*** **Leontes, Polixenes, Mamillius, Camillo,** ***and attendants.***

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry sta
The shepherd's note, since we have lefi

go before it.

on. Stay your thanks a while;
pay them when you part.

l. Sir, that's to-morrow.
question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
eed upon our absence: That may blow
eaping[1] winds at home, to make us say,
is put forth too truly! Besides, I have stay'd
re your royalty.

on. We are tougher, brother,
you can put us to't.

l. No longer stay.

on. One seven-night longer.

l. Very sooth, to-morrow.

on. We'll part the time between's then: and in that
o gain-saying.

l. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
e is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
on as yours, could win me: so it should now,
there necessity in your request, although
re needful I denied it. My affairs
en drag me homeward: which to hinder,
, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
u a charge, and trouble: to save both,
well, our brother.

on. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

r. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
ad drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
e him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure,
Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
y-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
beat from his best ward.

on. Well said, Hermione.

r. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:

A love does not a jar o' the clock den
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay.

Pol.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may no

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber[4] vows: B
Though you would seek to unsphere t
oaths,
Should yet say, *Sir, no going*. Verily
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go ye
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay you
When you depart, and save your than
you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest th
To be your prisoner, should import of
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o'the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty;* the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.[1]

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us: for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request, he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

My last good was, to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder si
Or I mistake you: O, would her name
But once before I spoke to the purpos
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leon. Why, th
Three crabbed months had sour'd t
death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white
And clap thyself my love; then dids
I am yours for ever.

Her. It is Grace, in
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the p
The one for ever earn'd a royal husb
The other, for some while a friend.
[*Giving her hand*

Leon. Too hot, too h
To mingle friendship far, is mingling
I have *tremor cordis*[1] on me: my he
But not for joy,—not joy.—This ente
May a free face put on; derive a lib
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile

ny good lord.

Mecks?

:.[1] What, hast smutch'd

of mine. Come, captain.
'at, but cleanly, captain:
fer, and the calf,
l virginalling[2]
Polixenes *and* Hermione.
ow, you wanton calf?

if you will, my lord.
ough pash, and the shoots

they say, we are
vomen say so,
But were they false
ind, as waters; false
by one that fixes
nine; yet were it true
: me.—Come, sir page,
lkin[5] eye: Sweet villain!
!—Can thy dam?—may't

tabs the centre:
, things not so held,
ns:—(How can this be?—)
coactive art,
Then, 'tis very credent,[6]
h something; and thou

ssion; and I find it,)
of my brains,
ows.

How sometimes nature will betray its fol
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did reco
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unl
In my green velvet coat; my dagger mu
Lest it should bite its master, and so prov
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this l
This squash,[1] this gentleman:—mine hone
Will you take eggs for money?[2]

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his
My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matte
Now my sworn friend, and then mine ene
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all;
He makes a July's day short as December
And, with his varying childness, cures in

perceive me not how I give line.—I am angling now,
o to!
de. *Observing* Polixenes *and* Hermione.
holds up the neb,[2] the bill to him!
s her with the boldness of a wife
owing[3] husband! Gone already;
, knee-deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd
ne.[4]—
' Polixenes, Hermione, *and attendants.*
y, play;—thy mother plays, and I
it so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
to my grave; contempt and clamour
knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There
been,
deciev'd, cuckolds ere now;
an there is, even at this present,
eak this, holds his wife by the arm,
: she has been sluic'd in his absence,
h'd by his next neighbour, by
ghbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
en have gates; and those gates
heir will: Should
! wi...

What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'r
man.— [*Exi*

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay lon

Cam. You had much ado to make his s

When you cast out, it still came home

Leon. D

Cam. He would not stay at your pet

His business more material.

Leon. Didst pe

They're here with me already; whisp
ing,[1]

Sicilia is a so-forth: 'Tis far gone,

When I shall gust[2] it last.—How can

That he did stay?

Cam. At the good quee

Leon. At the queen's, be't: goo
pertinent;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine

For thy conceit is soaking, will draw

: our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy
he entreaties of your mistress?——satisfy?—
t that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
ith all the nearest things to my heart, as well
y chamber-counsels: wherein, priest-like, thou
ast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed
ny penitent reform'd: but we have been
ceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honest: or,
thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
hich hoxes honesty behind, restraining
om course requir'd: Or else thou must be counted
servant, grafted in my serious trust,
d therein negligent; or else a fool,
at seest a game play'd home, the rich stake
drawn,
d tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
every one of these no man is free,
t that his negligence, his folly, fear,
nongst the infinite doings of the world,
metime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
ever I were wilful-negligent,
was my folly: if industriously
play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
ot weighing well the end; if ever fearful
o do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
hereof the execution did cry out
gainst the non-performance, 'twas a fear
hich oft affects the wisest: these, my lord,
re such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,

Cannot be mute,) or thought (for cogi
Resides not in that man, that does not
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt con
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor though
My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts
Before her troth-plight: say it, and ju

Cam. I would not be a stander-by,
My sovereign mistress clouded so, wit
My present vengeance taken: Shrew
You never spoke what did become yo
Than this: which to reiterate, were
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whisperi
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infal
Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and a
With the pin and web but theirs, the

nillo, and I hate thee;
oss lout, a mindless slave;
emporizer, that
s at once see good and evil,
th: Were my wife's liver
she would not live
glass.[1]
Who does infect her?
nat wears her like her medal,

emia: Who—if I
out me; that bare eyes
nour as their profits,
r thrifts,—they would do that
more doing: Ay, and thou
nom I from meaner form
ear'd to worship; who may'st

es earth, and earth sees heaven,
might'st bespice a cup,
a lasting wink;
e were cordial.
Sir, my lord,
l that with no rash[2] potion,
dram, that should not work
ison: But I cannot
be in my dread mistress,
g honourable.

ake't thy question, and go rot!
muddy, so unsettled,
in this vexation? sully
teness of my sheets,
is sleep; which being spotted,
ttles, tails of wasps?

WINTER

out ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
d man so blench?!

I must believe you, sir;

xm.

; and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
vided, that when he's remov'd, your highness
ll take again your queen, as yours at first;
en for your son's sake; and, thereby, for sealing
he injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
nown and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,

Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,

Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen: I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant. This is all:

Leon. Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own. I'll do't, my lord.

Cam. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd
me. [*Exit.*

Leon. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one
Let villany itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reig
Here comes Bohemia.

***(1) i. e.* Could any man so start of**
priety?

Enter Polixenes.

This is strange! methinks.
ır here begins to warp. Not speak?——
ay, Camillo.
L. Hail, most royal sir!
l. What is the news i' the court?
am. None rare, my lord.
Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
as he had lost some province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my lord.
Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror
Which shows me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.
Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.
Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,——
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success[1] we are gentle,[2]—I beseech you,

(1) For succession.
(2) Gentle was opposed to simple; well born.

If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counsel;
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, *lost*, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.[1]

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice[2] you to't,—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril

(1) *i. e.* I am the person appointed, &c.
(2) *Draw.*

by death, remove, or counsel, shake
bric of his folly; whose foundation
l upon his faith,[1] and will continue
anding of his body.

How should this grow?

ı. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
efore you dare trust my honesty,—
ies enclosed in this trunk, which you
ear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
ollowers I will whisper to the business;
ill, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
them o' the city: For myself, I'll put
tunes to your service, which are here
s discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
y the honour of my parents, I
itter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
not stand by; nor shall you be safer
one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
ecution sworn.

I do believe thee:

Cam. It is in little authority, to command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your hig
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same. *Enter* Hermione
millius, *and Ladies.*

Her. Take the boy to you: he so trouble
'Tis past enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam No, I'll none o

1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to m
I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 *Lady.* And why so, my good lord?

Mam. Not for b
Your brows are blacker: yet black brows, th

. Hark ye :
), your mother, rounds apace : we shall
ır services to a fine new prince,
se days ; and then you'd wanton with us,
ıld have you.
She is spread of late
dly bulk : Good time encounter her!
/hat wisdom stirs amongst you? Come,
ir, now
ɔu again : Pray you sit by us,
ı a tale.
Merry, or sad, shall't be?
s merry as you will.
A sad tale's best for winter :
of sprites and goblins.
Let's have that, sir.
sit down :—Come on, and do your best
me with your sprites : you're powerful
t it.
There was a man,——
Nay, come, sit down ; then on.
Dwelt by a church-yard ;—I will tell it
oftly ;
ts shall not hear it.
Come on then,
me in mine ear.

eontes, Antigonus, *Lords, and others.*

Was he met there? his train? Camillo
rith him?
Behind the tuft of pines I met them ;
ever
ı scour so on their way : I ey'd them
eir ships.
How bless'd am I
censure ?1 in my true opinion ?—
lesser knowledge ?2 How accurs'd,

with violent hefts :—I have drank, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander :—
There is a plot against my life, my crown ;
All's true that is mistrusted :—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him :
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing :[3] yea, a very trick
For them to play at will :—How came the posterns
So easily open ?

1 *Lord.* By his great authority ;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.——
Give me the boy ; I am glad, you did not nurse him :
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this ? sport ?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her ;
Away with him :—and let her sport herself
With that she's big with ; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not.

ustice of your hearts will thereto add,
ity she's not honest, honourable:
her but for this her without-door form,
h, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and
straight
rug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,
alumny doth use:—O, I am out,
nercy does; for calumny will sear[1]
itself:—These shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
you have said, she's goodly, come between,
u can say she's honest: But be it known,
him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
n adultress.

. Should a villain say so,
ost replenish'd villain in the world,
re as much more villain: you, my lord,
mistake.

. You have mistook, my lady,
es for Leontes: O thou thing,
I'll not call a creature of thy place,
arbarism, making me the precedent,
a like language use to all degrees,
annerly distinguishment leave out
the prince and beggar!—I have said,
n adultress; I have said with whom:
she's a traitor; and Camillo is
rary[2] with her; and one that knows
he should shame to know herself,
ith her most vile principal, that she's
swerver, even as bad as those
ulgars give bold titles; ay, and privy
their late escape.

No, by my life,
none of this: How will this grieve you,
ou shall come to clearer knowledge, that
u have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,

I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—
lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I h
That honourable grief lodg'd here, whic
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech yo
lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your chari
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—ar
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I b
[*To t*

Her. Who is't, that goes with me?—
your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you s
My plight requires it. Do not weep, go
There is no cause: when you shall ka
mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tea
As I come out: this action, I now

t. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice
violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
elf, your queen, your son.
ord. For her, my lord,—
my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
which you accuse her.
t. If it prove
otherwise, I'll keep my stables[1] where
e my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;
very inch of woman in the world,
very dram of woman's flesh, is false,
be.
m. Hold your peaces.
ord. Good my lord,—
t. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
re abus'd, and by some putter-on,[2]
will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain,
ld land-damn him: Be she honour-flaw'd,—
e three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
econd, and the third, nine, and some five;
s prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
ld them all; fourteen they shall not see,
ing false generations: they are co-heirs;
I had rather glib myself, than they
d not produce fair issue.
m. Cease; no more.
mell this business with a sense as cold
a dead man's nose: I see't, and feel't,
u feel doing thus; and see withal
nstruments that feel.

Be blam'd for't how

Leon.

Commune with you

Our forceful instigati

Calls not your couns

Imports this: which,

Or seeming so in skil

Relish as truth, like i

We need no more of

The loss, the gain, th

Properly ours.

Ant. And

You had only in your

Without more overtu

Leon.

Either thou art most ig

Or thou wert born a fo

Added to their familia

(Which was as gross a

That lack'd sight only,

But only seeing, all oth

Made up to the deed,) d

Yet, for a

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us:
We are to speak in public: for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. The outer room of a prison.* *Enter* Paulina *and attendants.*

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;
[*Exit an attendant.*
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter attendant, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not?

Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors!——Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Keep. So please you, madam, to put
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.
Paul. I dare be sworn:—
These dangerous unsafe lunes o' the king! beshrew them!
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;

Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen: Please you, come something nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon
Mine honour I will stand 'twixt you and danger.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A room in the palace.* *Enter* Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, *and other attendants.*

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being;—part o' the cause,
She, the adultress;—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level[1] of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.——Who's there?

(1) Mark and aim.

Leon.
His nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mone
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his
And downright languish'd.—Leave
—go,
See how he fares. [*Exit attend.*]
thought of him;—
The very thought of my revenges
Recoil upon me: in himself too m
And in his parties, his alliance,—
Until a time may serve: for prese
Take it on her. Camillo and Poli
Laugh at me: make their pastim
They should not laugh, if I could
Shall she, within my power.

Enter Paulina, *with*

You

1 *Lord.*
Paul. Nay, rather, good m

is needless heavings,—such as you
e cause of his awaking: I
with words as med'cinal as true;
s either; to purge him of that humour,
ses him from sleep.

What noise there, ho?

lo noise, my lord; but needful conference,
e gossips for your highness.

How?——

h that audacious lady: Antigonus,
thee, that she should not come about me;
e would.

I told her so, my lord,
ispleasure's peril, and on mine,
l not visit you.

What, canst not rule her?

'rom all dishonesty, he can: in this,
: take the course that you have done,
e, for committing honour,) trust it,
ot rule me.

Lo you now; you hear!
will take the rein, I let her run;
not stumble.

Good my liege, I come,—
eech you, hear me, who profess
ur loyal servant, your physician,
obedient counsellor; yet that dare
ar so, in comforting your evils,[1]
as most seem yours:—I say, I come
good queen.

Good queen!

ood queen, my lord, good queen: I say,
ood queen;
d by combat make her good, so were I
e worst[2] about you.

Force her hence.

et him that makes but trifles of his eyes,

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon.

Will you not push her out? Give her the
Thou dotard, [*To* Antigonus.] thou
tir'd,[2] unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here,—take up th
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.[3]

Paul.

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced[4]
Which he has put upon't!

Leon. He dreads

Paul. So I would you did; then, 'tw
doubt,
You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor

He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. A callat,[1]
Of boundless tongue: who late hath beat her h
band,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it: and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;
And might we lay the old proverb to your char
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the vall
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek;
smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger
And thou, good goddess nature, which hast mad
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colo
No yellow[2] in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag
And, lozel,[3] thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husba
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hen

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.

Paul. I care n
It is a heretic, that makes the fire,

[illegible] most cruel usage [illegible] accusation
[illegible] more act [illegible]
[illegible] own weak-hung'd fancy,
[illegible]

[illegible] may, not willingly make you,
[illegible] to the world. On your
[illegible] tender with her. Were I
[illegible] her life, she durst not [illegible]
[illegible] know me one. Away wi[illegible]
[illegible] do not push me
[illegible] be my lord, 'tis you
[illegible]

[illegible] What need
[illegible] so tender o'er his
[illegible] good, not cen[illegible]
[illegible] we are [illegible]
[illegible] trance, first [illegible]
[illegible] with [illegible]
[illegible] take [illegible]
[illegible] instantly consum'd w[illegible]
[illegible] Danger hath [illegible]

Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live:
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;
[*To* Antigonus.
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life:—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible: Swear by this sword,[1]
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—

(1) It was anciently a practice to swear by the cross at the hilt of a sword.

Casting their savageness aside, have
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prospe
In more than this deed doth require.
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Ex.*

Leon. No
Another's issue.

1 *Atten.* Please your highne
From those you sent to the oracle, ar
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are
Hasting to the court.

1 *Lord.* So please you, si
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty
They have been absent: 'Tis good spe
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare y
Summon a session, that we may arrai
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she ha
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she ha
A just and open trial. While she live
My heart will be a burden to me. Le

Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits
(Methinks, I so should term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i'the offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o'the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.[1]

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end the business: When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then will rush to knowledge.——Go, fresh horses;—
And gracious be the issue!

SCENE II.—The same. A court of justice. Leontes, Lords, *and* Officers, *appear properly seated.*

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce,)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd

(1) *i. e.* Our journey has recompensed us the time we spent in it.

Hermione *is brought in, guarded;* T
Ladies, *attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, *queen to the worth*
king of Sicilia, *thou art here accus*
reigned of high treason, in committing
with Polixenes, *king of* Bohemia; *and*
with Camillo, *to take away the life of our*
lord the king, the royal husband; the
whereof being by circumstances partly
thou, Hermione, *contrary to the faith*
giance of a true subject, didst counsel
them, for their better safety, to fly away

Her. Since what I am to say, must b
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself; it shall s
me
To say, *Not guilty:* mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood,[3] shall, as I ex
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—*If* powers

... more standing
... me, and honour, 'fore
... please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Poli...

Leon. Your actio
You had a bastard by Polixenes
And I but dream'd it:—As you w
(Those of your fact[2] are so,) so
Which to deny, concerns more t
For as
Thy brat hath been cast out, lik
No father owning it (which is, in
More criminal in thee, than it,)
Shalt feel our justice; in whose
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, sp
The bug, which you would frigh
To me can life be no commodity
The crown and comfort of my lif
I do give lost; for I do feel it go
But know not how it went: My s
And first-fruits of my body, from
I am barr'd, like one infectious:
fort,
Starr'd most unluckily,[3] is from m
The innocent milk in its most in

got strength of limit.[1] Now, my liege,
e what blessings I have here alive,
should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
t hear this; mistake me not;——No! life,
it not a straw:—but for mine honour
I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
urmises; all proofs sleeping else,
at your jealousies awake; I tell you,
our, and not law.—Your honours all,
fer me to the oracle;
be my judge.

rd. This your request
ether just: therefore, bring forth,
Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain* Officers.

The emperor of Russia was my father:
he were alive, and here beholding
ghter's trial! that he did but see
tness of my misery; yet with eyes
, not revenge!

enter Officers with Cleomenes *and* Dion.

You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
ou, Cleomenes and Dion, have
oth at Delphos; and from thence have brought
al'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
t Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
ve not dar'd to break the holy seal,
d the secrets in't.

Dion. All this we swear.

. Break up the seals, and read.

[*Reads.*] Hermione *is chaste,* Polixenes
ss, Camillo *a true subject,* Leontes *a jeal-*
ant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and

As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i'the oracl
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere fals

Enter a Servant, *hastily.*

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the bus

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and
Of the queen's speed,[1] is gone.

Leon. How! gon

Serv. Is

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens
selves
Do strike at my injustice. [Hermione *faints.*]
now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—
down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her her
Her heart is but o'charg'd; she will recov
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. Apollo, pard

My friend Polixenes; which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,[1]
No richer than his honour:—How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter Paulina.

Paul. Wo the while!
O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1 Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling,
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire,[1] ere done't:

(1) Committed.

(1) *i. e. A devil* would have shed tears of pity, *ere he would have* perpetrated such an action.

Not [illegible]
Of [illegible] young prince [illegible]
Thoughts high for one so tender,
Fear cou'd conceive, a gross and f
Blamed's us gracious dam: this
Lad to thy answer: But the last,
We'd have said, cry, wo!—the
Fr sweetest, dearest, creature's
glance for't
Not d[illegible]pp'd down yet
1 Lord. The hig
Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll
nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see, if you
The pure, or lustre, in her lip,
Heat outwardly, or breath wi
As I would do the gods.—Bu
Do not repeat these things;
Than all thy woes can stir
To nothing but despair. A t
Fr a thousand years togethe
Upon a barren mountain, a
[illegible] perpetual, could r
[illegible] than wer

yal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
ve I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
ak of her no more, nor of your children;
t remember you of my own lord,
s lost too: Take your patience to you,
'll say nothing.

n. Thou didst speak but well,
most the truth; which I receive much better
to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
dead bodies of my queen, and son:
rave shall be for both; upon them shall
auses of their death appear, unto
ame perpetual: Once a day I'll visit
napel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
e my recreation: So long as
will bear up with this exercise,
g I daily vow to use it. Come,
ad me to these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

VE III.—Bohemia. *A desert country near sea. Enter* Antigonus, *with the child; and a* iner.

. Thou art perfect[1] then, our ship hath touch'd upon
eserts of Bohemia?

r. Ay, my lord: and fear
ve landed in ill time; the skies look grimly,
reaten present blusters. In my conscience,
eavens with that we have in hand are angry,
own upon us.

. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
o thy bark; I'll not be long, before
upon thee.

r. Make your best haste; and go not
r i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
s, this place is famous for the creatures

So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: *Good* Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call't; for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina *more*:—and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine.——The storm begins:—Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour?—
Well may I get aboard!——This is the chace;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.——Hark you now!—Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browzing on ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a barne;[1] a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child,[2] I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work; they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hollaed but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

(1) Child. (2) Female infant.

to this on ...
hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, b
land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea
the sky; betwixt the firmament and
thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would, you did but see how
it rages, how it takes up the shore!
to the point: O, the most piteous c
souls! sometimes to see 'em, and n
now the ship boring the moon with
and anon swallowed with yest and
thrust a cork into a hogshead. An
land service,—To see how the be
shoulder-bone; how he cried to m
said, his name was Antigonus, a n
to make an end of the ship:—to
flap-dragoned it:—but, first, how
roared, and the sea mocked them
poor gentleman roar'd, and the be
both roaring louder than the sea, (
... of mercy, when w

for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth[1] for a
s child! Look thee here; take up, take up,
pen't. So, let's see; It was told me, I
be rich by the fairies: this is some change-
-open't: What's within, boy?

You're a made old man; if the sins of your
are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold!
d!

. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so:
h it, keep it close; home, home, the next[2]
We are lucky, boy; and to be so still re-
nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—
good boy, the next way home.

Go you the next way with your findings;
see if the bear be gone from the gentleman,
w much he hath eaten: they are never curst,[4]
en they are hungry: if there be any of him
ll bury it.

. That's a good deed: If thou may'st dis-
y that which is left of him, what he is, fetch
the sight of him.

Marry, will I; and you shall help to put
he ground.

. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good
on't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Time, *as Chorus.*

e. I,—that please some, try all; both joy, and terror,
od and bad; that make, and unfold error,—

To overtake ...
To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me p
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I
To the freshest things now reigning; and m
The glistening of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allow
I turn my glass; and give my scene such g
As you had slept between. Leontes leavi
The effects of his fond jealousies; so griev
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,[2]
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mention'd a son o'the king's, which Flori
I now name to you; and with speed so pa
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring: What of her ensu
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a she
daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows aft
[illegible] of Time: Of this allow,[4]

e; 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing;
to grant this.

It is fifteen years, since I saw my country:
have, for the most part, been aired abroad,
to lay my bones there. Besides, the peni-
, my master, hath sent for me: to whose
orrows I might be some allay, or I o'er-
think so; which is another spur to my
e.

As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out
of thy services, by leaving me now: the
ave of thee, thine own goodness hath made;
ot to have had thee, than thus to want
ou, having made me businesses, which
thout thee can sufficiently manage, must
ay to execute them thyself, or take away
the very services thou hast done: which
e not enough considered (as too much I
to be more thankful to thee, shall be my
nd my profit therein, the heaping friend-
Of that fatal country, Sicilia, pr'ythee speak
whose very naming punishes me with the
ance of that penitent, as thou call'st him,
nciled king, my brother; whose loss of
precious queen, and children, are even now
esh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st
prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less
, their issue not being gracious, than they
ing them, when they have approved their

Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince:
s happier affairs may be, are to me un-
but I have, missingly, noted,[3] he is of late
ired from court; and is less frequent to his
exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.
have considered so much, Camillo; and

unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, c
a daughter of most rare no
extended more, than can b
such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise pe
But, I fear the angle that
Thou shalt accompany us
will, not appearing what w
tion[1] with the shepherd; fi
think it not uneasy to get
resort thither. Pr[1]ythee, b
this business, and lay aside

Cam. I willingly obey y

Pol. My best Camillo !-
selves.

SCENE II.—The same.
herd's cottage. Enter

When daffodils begin to p
With, heigh! the doxy
Why, then comes in the su

have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile;[1] but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus; who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat:[2] Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether—tods;[3] every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside.*

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.[4]—Let me see; what I am to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice*——What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-

(1) *Rich velvet.* (2) Picking pockets.

dates, ...
seven; a race, or two, of g...
beg:—*four pound of prunes, and*
raisins o'the sun.

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[*Grovelling on*

Clo. I'the name of me,——

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck
rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast
rags to lay on thee, rather than have

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of
me more than the stripes I have re
are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million
come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and bea
and apparel ta'en from me, and
things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a f

Clo. Indeed, he should be a f
... he has left with thee; if

ıst lack any money? I have a little
thee.
, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir:
osman not past three-quarters of a mile
whom I was going; I shall there have
ıny thing I want: Offer me no money,
; that kills my heart.
ıat manner of fellow was he that robbed

fellow, sir, that I have known to go
trol-my-dames:[1] I knew him once a ser-
e prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for
is virtues it was, but he was certainly
ıt of the court.
vices, you would say; there's no virtue
ıt of the court: they cherish it, to make
a; and yet it will no more but abide.[2]
ces I would say, sir. I know this man
ath been since an ape-bearer; then a
ver, a bailiff; then he compassed a mo-
e prodigal son, and married a tinker's
a mile where my land and living lies;
g flown over many knavish professions,
nly in rogue: some call him Autolycus.
upon him! Prig,[4] for my life, prig: he
.es, fairs, and bear-baitings.
ry true, sir: he, sir, he; that's the rogue,
: into this apparel.
a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia;
but looked big, and spit at him, he'd

nust confess to you, sir, I am no fighter:
of heart that way; and that he knew, I
n.
w do you now?
eet sir, much better than I was; I can

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir.—[illegible]
Your purse is not hot enough to p[illegible]
spice. I'll be with you at your sheep[illegible]
If I make not this cheat bring out an[illegible]
shearers prove sheep, let me be unro[illegible]
name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path
And merrily hent[1] the stile-a
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

SCENE III.—The same. A shep[illegible]
Enter Florizel *and* Perd[illegible]

Flo. These your unusual weeds to [illegible]
Do give a life: no shepherdess; bu[illegible]
Peering in April's front. This your[illegible]
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my[illegible]
To chide at your extremes,[2] it not [illegible]
O, pardon, that I name them: you[illegible]
The gracious mark[3] o'the land, yo[illegible]
[illegible] and me.

my good falcon made her flight across
ther's ground.

Now Jove afford you cause!
the difference[1] forges dread; your greatness
ot been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
ık, your father, by some accident,
pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!
'ould he look, to see his work, so noble,
bound up? What would he say? Or how
I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
ernness of his presence?

Apprehend
g but jollity. The gods themselves,
ing their deities to love, have taken
apes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
e a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
ı Apollo, a poor humble swain,
em now: Their transformations
never for a piece of beauty rarer;
a way so chaste: since my desires
ıt before mine honour; nor my lusts
otter than my faith.

O but, dear sir,
esolution cannot hold, when 'tis
d, as it must be, by the power o'the king:
these two must be necessities,
then will speak; that you must change this
purpose,
y life.

Thou dearest Perdita,
hese forc'd[2] thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
irth o'the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
my father's: for I cannot be
wn, nor any thing to any, if
ot *thine*: *to this* I am most constant,

comely
t up your countenance ; wher
celebration of that nuptial, which
e two have sworn shall come. O lady fortune,

Per.

Stand you auspicious !

Enter Shepherd, *with* Polixenes *and* Camillo, *disguised* ; Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, *and others.*

Flo.

Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth. See, your guests approach:

Shep. Fie, daughter ! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook ;
Both dame and servant welcom'd all ; serv'd all :
Would sing her song, and dance her turn : now here,
At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle ;
On his shoulder, and his : her face o'fire
With labour ; and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip : You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting : Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome : for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes ; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o'the feast : Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper. Welcome, sir ! [*To Pol.*

Per.

It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostess-ship o'the day :—You're welcome, sir !
[*To Camillo.*

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue ; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long.

(1) Likeness and smell.

race, and remembrance, be to you both,
nd welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess
, fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
'ith flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
t yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
' trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o'the season
e our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers,
'hich some call nature's bastards: of that kind
ir rustic garden's barren; and I care not
) get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
) you neglect them?

Per. For[1] I have heard it said,
here is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
'ith great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
et nature is made better by no mean,
it nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
'hich, you say, adds to nature, is an art
hat nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
gentler scion to the wildest stock;
nd make conceive a bark of baser kind
' bud of nobler race; This is an art
'hich does mend nature,—change it rather: but
e art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,
nd do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
e dibble[2] in earth to set one slip of them:
) more than, were I painted, I would wish
is youth should say, 'twere well; and only
therefore

And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—No
fairest friend,
I would I had some flowers o'the spring, that
Become your time of day; and yours, and
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou lett'
From Dis's[1] waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and tal
The winds of March with beauty; violets, c
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lac
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet frie
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a c

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and pla
Not like a corse; or if,—not to be buried,
But quick,[2] and in mine arms. Come, take
flowers:

...ou might ever do
...t; move still, still so, and own
...ction: Each your doing,
...ar in each particular,
...is what you are doing in the present deeds
...at all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or
seems,
But smacks of something greater than h...
So noble for this place.

Cam. He ...

He looks like sooth:— He says, r
daughter;
I think so too; for never gaz'd the mo
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and re
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and,
I think there is not half a kiss to choo
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dance

Shep. So she does any thing; thoug
That should be silent: if young Dori
Do light upon her, she shall bring him
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but he
at the door, you would never dance
tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe cou
you: he sings several tunes, faster th
money; he utters them as he had e
and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: h
in: I love a ballad but even too well;
ful matter, merrily set down, or a v
thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man;* puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?[1]

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i'the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles,[2] caddisses,[3] cambrics, lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel; he so chants to the sleeve-hand,[4] and the work about the square on't.[5]

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, *singing.*

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:[6]
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:

(1) Plain goods. (2) Worsted galloon.
(3) A kind of tape. (4) The cuffs.
(5) The work about the bosom.
(6) Amber, of which necklaces were made fit perfume a lady's chamber.

Clo. If I were [illegible] of me; but being [illegible]
should'st take no money of me; but [illegible]
as I am, it will also be the bondage of c[illegible]
ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the [illegible]
but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than [illegible]
there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promise[illegible]
may be he has paid you more; which wil[illegible]
you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among ma[illegible]
they wear their plackets, where they sho[illegible]
their faces? Is there not milking-time, w[illegible]
are going to-bed, or kiln-hole,[1] to whistle [illegible]
secrets: but you must be tittle-tattling [illegible]
our guests? 'Tis well they are whisperi[illegible]
mour your tongues,[2] and not a word mo[illegible]

Mop. I have done. Come, you prom[illegible]
tawdry lace,[3] and a pair of sweet glove[illegible]

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I wa[illegible]
by the way, and lost all my money?

[illegible] indeed, sir, there are cozen[illegible]

asurer's wife was brought
bags at a burden; and h
ders' heads, and toads ca

Mop. Is it true, think

Aut. Very true; and

Dor. Bless me from m

Aut. Here's the midw
tress Taleporter; and five
were present: Why shou

Mop. Pray you now, b

Clo. Come on, lay it by
ballads; we'll buy the ot

Aut. Here's another b
peared upon the coast, on
of April, forty thousand fa
sung this ballad against th
it was thought she was a
into a cold fish, for she w
with one that loved her: T
and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, thin

Aut. Five justices' han
more than my pack will h

Clo. Lay it by too: An

Aut. This is a merry b
one.

Mop. Let's have some

Aut. Why this is a passi
to the tune of, *Two maids*
scarce a maid westward,
request, I can tell you.

I now ...

D. *Me too, let me go thither.*

M. *Or thou go'st to the grange, or m*
D. *If to either, thou dost ill.*
A. *Neither.* D. *What, neither?* A.
D. *Thou hast sworn my love to be;*
M. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*
Then, whither go'st? say, whither

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by c
My father and the gentlemen are in sad
we'll not trouble them: Come, bring
pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for yo
Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow
Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wo
Come to the pedler;

cause they are not in't; but they themselves are o'the mind (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much humble foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.[1]

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant, *with twelve rustics, habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—
Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—
He's simple, and tells much. [*Aside.*]—How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted[2] with him: if your lass
Interpretation should abuse; and call this
Your lack of love, or bounty: you were straited[3]
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:

(1) Foot-rule. (2) Bought, trafficked.
(3) Put to difficulties.

As soft as dove's down, and as wh
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd
That's bolted[1] by the northern bla

Pol. What follows this?—
How prettily the young swain see
The hand, was fair before!—I hav
But to your protestation; let me h
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be w

Pol. And this my neighbour to

Flo. A
Than he, and men; the earth, the l
That,—were I crown'd the most in
Thereof most worthy; were I the
That ever made eye swerve; had
ledge,
More than was ever man's,—I woul
Without her love: for her, emplo
Commend them, and condemn the
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly

Cam. This shows a sound affect

Flo. O, that must
he virtue of your daughter: one l
shall have more than you can dre
Enough then for your wonder: But,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.
Shep. Come, y
And, daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, swain, a while,
Have you a father?
Flo. I have: But wl
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither c
Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray y
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stu
With age, and altering rheums? C
hear?
Know man from man? dispute his o
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does
But what he did being childish?
Flo. N
He has his health, and ampler stren
Than most have of his age.
Pol. By my
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but a
The father (all whose joy is nothing
But fair posterity,) should hold some
In such a business.
Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my gra
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not ac
My father of this business.
Pol. Let him
Flo. *He shall* not.

(1) Talk over his affai

Pr'ythee, let him.

No, he must not.

son; he shall not need to grieve
choice.

Come, come, he must not:—

Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*
not call; thou art too base
'd: Thou a sceptre's heir,
sheep-hook?—Thou old traitor,
hanging thee, I can but
e week.—And thou, fresh piece
craft; who, of force, must know
cop'st with;——

O, my heart!

y beauty scratch'd with brian,
e

thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—
, thou dost but sigh,
shalt see this knack (as never
we'll bar thee from succession;
ur blood, no, not our kin,
n off:—Mark thou my words;
ourt.—Thou churl, for this time,
displeasure, yet we free thee
low of it.—And you, enchant-

herdsman; yea, him too,
lf, but for our honour therein,
if ever, henceforth, thou
s[2] to his entrance open,
more with thy embraces,
th as cruel for thee,
to't. [*Exit.*

Even here undone!

eard: for once, or twice,
eak; and tell him plainly,

urther. (2) Doors.

he self-same sun, that shines upon his
lides not his visage from our cottage, b
Looks on alike.—Will't please you, sir,
[1
I told you, what would come of this : 'B
Of your own state take care : this dream
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how n
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—
[1
You have undone a man of fourscore th
That thought to fill his grave in quiet ;
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones : but n
Some hangman must put on my shroud,
Where no priest shovels-in dust.—O curs
[1
That knew'st this was the prince, an
adventure
To mingle faith with him.—Undone ! u
If I might die within this hour, I have l
To die when I desire.

Flo. Why look you s
I am but sorry, not afeard ; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd : What I was, I am
More straining on, for plucking back ; n
My leash[1] unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my l
You know your father's temper : at this
He will allow no speech,—which, I do
You do not purpose to him ;—and as ha
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear
Then, till the fury of his highness settle
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose

(1) A leading string.

I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, ...

Per. How often have I told you, 'twou...
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, b...
The violation of my faith; And then
Let Nature crush the sides o'the earth t...
And mar the seeds within!—Lift up th...
From my succession wipe me, father!
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd...

Flo. I am; and by my fancy: if
Will thereto be obedient, I have rea...
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is despe...

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfi...
I needs must think it honesty. Ca...
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp th...
Be thereat glean'd; for all the su...
... close earth wombs, or the p...
... fathoms, will I brea...
... There...

onger for your need.
. Hark, Perdita.——[*Takes her aside.*
ar you by and by. [*To* Camillo.
n. He's irremovable,
'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
ing I could frame to serve my turn;
im from danger, do him love and honour;
see the sight again of dear Sicilia,
hat unhappy king, my master, whom
uch thirst to see.
Now, good Camillo,
o fraught with curious business, that
out ceremony. [*Going.*
n. Sir, I think,
ave heard of my poor services, i'the love
have borne your father?
Very nobly
you deserv'd: it is my father's music,
ak your deeds; not little of his care
e them recompens'd as thought on.
. Well, my lord,
may please to think I love the king;
hrough him, what is nearest to him, which is
racious self; embrace but my direction
r more ponderous and settled project
ffer alteration,) on mine honour
nt you where you shall have such receiving
l become your highness; where you may
your mistress (from the whom, I see,
no disjunction to be made, but by,
vens forefend! your ruin:) marry her;
ith my best endeavours, in your absence,)
iscontenting[1] father strive to qualify,
ing him up to liking.
How, Camillo,
is, almost a miracle, be done?
may call thee something more than man,

But undergo this [illegible]
And there present yourself, and
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fo
She shall be habited, as it beco
The partner of your bed. Me
Leontes, opening his free arms
His welcomes forth: asks thee,
As 'twere i'the father's person
Of your fresh princess: o'er a
'Twixt his unkindness and his
He chides to hell, and bids th
Faster than thought, or time.

Flo.

What colour for my visitation
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by
To greet him, and to give hin
The manner of your bearing
What you, as from your fathe
Things known betwixt us three
The which shall point you for
What you must say; that he
[illegible]

Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,
To miseries enough: no hope to help you;
But, as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors: who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loath to be: Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in[1] the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
I'the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this;
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.——
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our house!—how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicily——

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play, were mine. For instance, sir,

ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe
ring, to keep my pack from
who should buy first; as if m
hallowed, and brought a bene
by which means, I saw whos
picture; and, what I saw, to
membered. My clown (who
to be a reasonable man,) gre
wenches' song, that he would
till he had both tune and word
rest of the herd to me, that a
stuck in ears: you might hav
it was senseless; 'twas nothin
of a purse; I would have file
in chains: no hearing, no feeli
and admiring the nothing of
time of lethargy, I picked a
festival purses: and had not
with a whoobub against his da
son, and scared my choughs
not left a purse alive in the w

[Camillo, Florizel, *and* Pe

Cam. Nay, but my letters
there
So soon as you arrive, shall c

Cam. Who have we here? [*Seeing* Autolycus.
We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.
Aut. If they have overheard me now,——why
hanging.
Cam. How now, good fellow? [*Aside.*
thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended
to thee.
Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.
Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal
that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty,
we must make an exchange: therefore, discase
thee instantly (thou must think there's necessity
in't,) and change garments with this gentleman:
Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst,
yet hold thee, there's some boot.[1]
Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye well
nough. [*Aside.*
Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman
half flayed[2] already.
Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick
it.—
Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee. [*Aside.*
Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot
conscience take it.
Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—
[Flo. *and* Aut. *exchange garments.*
inate mistress,—let my prophecy
home to you!—you must retire yourself
ome covert: take your sweetheart's hat,
luck it o'er your brows: muffle your face;
ttle you: and as you can, disliken
ith of your own seeming; that you may
do fear eyes over you,) to shipboard
escried.
I see the play so lies,
bear a part.

nething over and above. (2) Stripped.

Pray you, a word. [Aside to every com

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to

Of this escape, and whither they are
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-

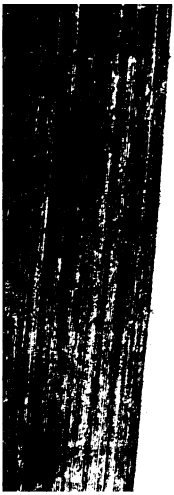
Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exeunt* Florizel, Perdita,

Aut. I understand the business, I
have an open ear, a quick eye, and a
is necessary for a cut-purse; a good
quisite also, to smell out work for the
I see, this is the time that the unje
thrive. What an exchange had this

lo. See, see; what a man you are now! there
o other way, but to tell the king she's a change-
, and none of your flesh and blood.
hep. Nay, but hear me.
lo. Nay, but hear me.
hep. Go to then.
lo. She being none of your flesh and blood,
· flesh and blood has not offended the king;
. so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished
im. Show those things you found about her;
s secret things, all but what she has with her:
i being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant

hep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea,
his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no
st man neither to his father, nor to me, to go
it to make me the king's brother-in-law.
lo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off
could have been to him; and then your blood
been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.
ut. Very wisely; puppies! [*Aside.*
ep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in
fardel,[1] will make him scratch his beard.
ut. I know not what impediment this com-
it may be to the flight of my master.
o. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.
ut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so
times by chance:—Let me pocket up my ped-
excrement.[2]—[*Takes off his false beard.*]
now, rustics? whither are you bound?
ep. To the palace, an it like your worship.
ut. Your affairs there? what? with whom?
condition of that fardel, the place of your
ling, your names, your ages, of what having,[3]
ling, and any thing that is fitting to be known,
ver.



fore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to hav
if you had not taken yourself with t

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't lik

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I
See'st thou not the air of the court, i
ings? hath not my gait in it the m
court?[2] receives not thy nose cou
me? reflect I not on thy baseness, co
Think'st thou, for that I insinuate,
thee thy business, I am therefore no c
courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will e
or pluck back, thy business there:
command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the k

Aut. What advocate hast thou to

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word fo
say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant,

Aut. How bless'd are we, that ar
men!
Yet nature might have made me as th
Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great co

Shep. His garments are rich, but be
not handsomely.

Clo. H

, which none must know but the king; and
e shall know within this hour, if I may
the speech of him.
Age, thou hast lost thy labour.
Why, sir?
The king is not at the palace; he is gone
ı new ship to purge melancholy, and air
For, if thou be'st capable of things serious,
st know, the king is full of grief.
So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should
.rried a shepherd's daughter.
If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let
the curses he shall have, the tortures he
l, will break the back of man, the heart of

Think you so, sir?
Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make
and vengeance bitter; but those that are
e' to him, though removed fifty times, shall
: under the hangman: which though it be
ty, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whis-
gue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daugh-
e into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned;
death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our
into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few,
pest too easy.
Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear,
you, sir?
He has a son, who shall be flayed alive;
inted over with honey, set on the head of
ı nest; then stand, till he be three-quarters
am dead: then recovered again with aqua-
some other hot infusion: then, raw as he
ı the hottest day prognostication proclaims,[2]
set against a brick wall, the sun looking
outhward eye upon him; where he is to be-
n, with flies blown to death. But what talk

elated.
he hottest day foretold in the almanac.

with him, give him gold; and th
a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led
gold: show the inside of your pu
of his hand, and no more ado: F
and flayed alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, t
business for us, here is that gold I
as much more; and leave this you
till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moi
party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but tho
pitiful one, I hope I shall not be f

Aut. O, that's the case of the s
Hang him, he'll be made an exa

Clo. Comfort, good comfort:

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what else shame belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *A room in the palace of* Leontes. *Enter* Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, *and others.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass: At the last,
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at a

You might have spoken a
would
Have done the time more ben
Your kindness better.

Paul. You
Would have him wed again.

Dion.

You pity not the state, nor the
Of his most sovereign dame;
What dangers, by his highnes
May drop upon his kingdom, a
Incertain lookers-on. What we
Than to rejoice, the former que
What holier, than,—for royalty
For present comfort and for fut
To bless the bed of majesty ag
With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. Th
Respecting her that's gone. Bes
Will have fulfill'd their secret p
For has not the divine Apollo sa
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have
Till his lost child be found? whi
Is all as monstrous

Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,——

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse; and, on this stage
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vex'd,
Begin, *And why to me?*

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense[1] me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift[2] to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.*

Leon. Si...

As was your former; but she shall
As, walk'd your first queen's gh
take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true
We shall not marry, till thou bidd's

Paul.
Shall be, when your first queen's ag
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman

Gent. One that gives out himself
Son of Polixenes, with his princess
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desi
To your high presence.

Leon. What with hin
Like to his father's greatness: his
So out of circumstance, and sudde
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but for
By need, and accident. What trai

Gent.
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say

Gent. Ay; the most peerless p
think.

Is colder than that theme,!) *She had not bee*
Nor was not to be equall'd;—thus your ver
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly
To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, ma
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardo
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is such a cre
Would she begin a sect, might quench the z
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not wo

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a w
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis st

[*Exeunt* Cleomenes, Lords, *and* Gentl

He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our pri
(Jewel of children,) seen this hour, he had
Well with this lord; there was not full a mo
Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou k
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speech
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

Re-enter Cleomenes, *with* Florizel, Perdit
attendants.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, pri
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother

Though bearing misery,
Once more to look upon.

Flo.

Have I here touch'd Sici
Give you all greetings, tl
Can send his brother : a
(Which waits upon wo
seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he ha
The lands and waters 'tı
Measur'd, to look upon
(He bade me say so,) m
And those that bear then

Leon.

(Good gentleman !) the
stir
Afresh within me ; and t
So rarely kind, are as int
Of my behind-hand slacl
As is the spring to the ea
Expos'd this paragon to t

To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful[1] gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd,
(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me:
Desires you to attach[2] his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off,)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in the city; I now came from him.
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Leon.

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; wit
Has these poor men in question.[1] Never saw
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the e
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears and threatens them
With divers deaths [illegible] th.

Per. O, my po
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
The odds for high and low's alike.[2]

Leon. My lov
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good fa
speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,

orth mine advocate; at your request,
ather will grant precious things, as trifles.
eon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
hich he counts but a trifle.
Paul. Sir, my liege,
our eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
ore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
han what you look on now.
Leon. I thought of her,
en in these looks I made.—But your petition [*To* Florizel.
yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;
our honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
am a friend to them, and you: upon which errand
now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
nd mark what way I make: Come, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

CENE II.—The same. Before the palace. Enter Autolycus *and a* Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this lation?
1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, eard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he und it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we ere all commanded out of the chamber; only is, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found e child.
Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.
1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business; -But the changes I perceived in the king, and amillo, were very notes of admiration: they emed almost, with staring on one another, to tear e cases of their eyes; there was speech in their umbness, language in their very gesture; they ked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, o destroyed: A notable passion of wonder a

Here comes a gentleman, [illegible]
The news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: [illegible]
filled; the king's daughter is fo[illegible]
of wonder is broken out within t[illegible]
lad-makers cannot be able to ex[illegible]

Enter a third. Gentl[illegible]

Here comes the lady Paulina's [illegible]
deliver you more.—How goes [illegible]
news, which is called true, is so [illegible]
that the verity of it is in strong[illegible]
the king found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true; if ever tr[illegible]
by circumstance: that, which [illegible]
swear you see, there is such u[illegible]
The mantle of queen Hermione: [illegible]
the neck of it:—the letters of [illegible]
with it, which they know to be h[illegible]
majesty of the creature, in re[illegible]
mother;—the affection[2] of noble[illegible]
shows above her breeding,—an[illegible]
dences, proclaim her, with all c[illegible]
king's daughter. Did you see t[illegible]
two kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost [illegible]

e of such distraction, that they were to by garment, not by favour.[1] Our king, ready to leap out of himself for joy of his nd daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping[2] her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much,) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wrecked, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it

[illegible] was, with [illegible]
[illegible] death, with the manner how [illegible]
[illegible] confessed, and lamented by th[illegible]
[illegible] wounded his daughter [illegible]
[illegible] dishonour to another, she did [illegible]
[illegible] I would fain say, [illegible] for, [illegible]
[illegible] blood. Who was most ma[illegible]
[illegible] swooned, all s[illegible]
[illegible] would have seen it, the w[illegible]

[illegible] Ne they returned to the [illegible]
[illegible] Ne the princess bearing [illegible]
[illegible] in the keeping of Pa[illegible]
[illegible] in doing, and now new [illegible]
[illegible] Italian master, Julio Ro[illegible]
[illegible] eternity, and could pu[illegible]
[illegible] would beguile Nature of h[illegible]
[illegible] he so near [illegible]
[illegible] is but ape: he so near [illegible]
[illegible] lieve me, that, they say, [illegible]
[illegible] stand in hope of answe[illegible]
[illegible] of affection, are th[illegible]
[illegible] to sip.

[illegible] Good, I thought, she na[illegible]
[illegible] head; for she hath [illegible]
[illegible] days, ever since th[illegible]
[illegible] that to move & noise.
[illegible] company pree th[illegible]
[illegible] Wan would be th[illegible]
[illegible] every wind[illegible]
[illegible] born, our [illegible]
[illegible] grace will be born, our [illegible]
[illegible] ty to our known days. L[illegible]

[illegible] Not. Now, had I no[illegible]
[illegible] would [illegible]
[illegible] have [illegible]
[illegible] told [illegible] I have [illegible] am
[illegible]

[illegible] Mo[illegible] [illegible]

d undisco
I been the finder-out
ave relished among my other dis

Enter Shepherd *and* Clown.

e those I have done good to against my
already appearing in the blossoms of their

Come, boy; I am past more children; but
and daughters will be all gentlemen born.
You are well met, sir: You denied to fight
e this other day, because I was no gentle-
orn: See you these clothes? say, you see
ot, and think me still no gentleman born:
ere best say, these robes are not gentlemen
Give me the lie; do: and try whether I am
ow a gentleman born.

ut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four
rs.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

So you have:—but I was a gentleman born
for the king's son took me by the
ther: and then the two
nd then the

Clo. Give me thy hand
prince, thou art as honest a
Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, bi

Clo. Not swear it, now I
boors and franklins[1] say it,

Shep. How if it be false

Clo. If it be ne'er so fals
swear it, in the behalf o
swear to the prince, thou
hands, and that thou wil
know, thou art no tall fello
thou wilt be drunk; but I'l
thou would'st be a tall fel

Aut. I will prove so, si

Clo. Ay, by any means
do not wonder, how th
drunk, not being a tall fell
the kings and the princes
to see the queen's picture
be thy good masters.

SCENE III.—The sam
house. Enter Leontes
dita, Camillo, Paulina.

a surplus of your grace, which never
ife may last to answer.

on. O Paulina,
nonour you with trouble: But we came
e the statue of our queen: your gallery
: we pass'd through, not without much content
any singularities; but we saw not
which my daughter came to look upon,
statue of her mother.

ul. As she liv'd peerless,
r dead likeness, I do well believe,
ls whatever yet you look'd upon,
nd of man hath done; therefore I keep it
ly, apart: But here it is: prepare
e the life as lively mock'd, as ever
leep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis well.

[Paulina *undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*

your silence, it the more shows off
wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege.
s it not something near?

on. Her natural posture!—
e me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,
y not chiding; for she was as tender,
fancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
nione was not so much wrinkled; nothing
ed, as this seems.

l. O, not by much.

ul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
h lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
e liv'd now.

on. As now she might have done,
uch to my good comfort, as it is
piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
with such life of majesty (warm life,
w it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her!

But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought[1] you (for the stone is mine,)
I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy
May think anon, it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that methinks already—
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

(1) Worked, agitated.

I'll draw the curtain;
...ust so far transported, that
...ll think anon, it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
So settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd
you: but
could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.
So long
...w. a looker on.

Strike all that look upon wi
I'll fill your grave up: stir;
Bequeath to death your nun
Dear life redeems you.—Yo
[Hermione *comes d*
Start not: her actions shall
You hear, my spell is lawfu
Until you see her die again
You kill her double: Nay, |
When she was young, you w
Is she become the suitor.

Leon. O, she's war
If this be magic, let it be ar
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She emb

Cam. She hangs about his
If she pertain to life, let her

Pol. Ay, and make't ma
liv'd,
Or, how stol'n from the dead

Paul.
Were it but told you, should

You precious winners[1] all; your exultation
Partake[2] to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina;
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
An honourable husband:—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty,
Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What?—Look upon my brother:—both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king (whom heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,

(1) You who by this discovery have gained what you desired.

(2) Participate.

This play, as Dr. Warburton justly observ
with all its absurdities, very entertaining.
character of Autolycus is naturally conceived
strongly represented.

JOHNSO

EDY OF ERRORS.

N

Solinus, *duke of Ephesus.*
Ægeon, *a merchant of Sy*

Antipholus *of Ephesus,*
Antipholus *of Syracuse,*

Dromio *of Ephesus,*
Dromio *of Syracuse,*

Balthazar, *a merchant.*
Angelo, *a goldsmith.*
A merchant, friend to A
Pinch, *a schoolmaster, and*

Æmilia, *wife to Ægeon, a*
Adriana, *wife to Antiphol*
Luciana, *her sister*

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

)ENE I.—A hall in the Duke's *Palace. Enter* Duke, Ægeon, Gaoler, *officer, and other attendants.*

Ægeon.

'ROCEED, Solinus, to procure my fall,
ıd, by the doom of death, end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
ım not partial, to infringe our laws:
ıe enmity and discord, which of late
ırung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
ɔ merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
'ho, wanting guilders[1] to redeem their lives,
ave seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
ɔclude all pity from our threat'ning looks.
ɔr, since the mortal and intestine jars
'wixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
heath in solemn synods been decreed,
ɔth by the Syracusans and ourselves,
ɔ admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
ay, more,
any, born at Ephesus, be seen
t any Syracusan marts[2] and fairs;
gain If any Syracusan born
ome to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,

With her I liv'd in joy ; our wealth in
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death
And he (great care of goods at randon
Drew me from kind embracements of
From whom my absence was not six n
Before herself (almost at fainting, und
The pleasing punishment that women
Had made provision for her following
And soon, and safe, arrived where I w
There she had not been long, but she
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so lik
As could not be distinguish'd but by n
That very hour, and in the self-same in
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both ali
Those, for their parents were exceedin
I bought, and brought up to attend m

(1) Natural affection.

wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
d daily motions for our home return:
willing I agreed; alas, too soon.
came aboard:
ague from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
ore the always-wind-obeying deep
e any tragic instance of our harm:
longer did we not retain much hope;
what obscured light the heavens did grant
but convey unto our fearful minds
loubtful warrant of immediate death;
ch, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
the incessant weepings of my wife,
eping before for what she saw must come,
l piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
t mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
d me to seek delays for them and me.
l his it was,—for other means was none.—
sailors sought for safety by our boat,
l left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
wife, more careful for the latter-born,
l fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
h as sea-faring men provide for storms;
him one of the other twins was bound,
ilst I had been like heedful of the other.
children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
ng our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
ten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
l floating straight, obedient to the stream,
re carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
eagth the sun, gazing upon the earth,
ers'd those vapours that offended us;
l. by the benefit of his wish'd light,
seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
ships from far making amain to us,

F[illegible] had [illegible] of [illegible]
W[illegible] right in, what to
H[illegible] poor soul! see mu
W[illegible] weight, but not
Was [illegible] with more spe
A[illegible] sight they three
B[illegible] of Corinth, as
A[illegible] other ship had
A[illegible] whom it was
G[illegible] welcome to the
A[illegible] have rest the ns
H[illegible] their back been [illegible]
A[illegible] welcomes, and did
T[illegible] you heard me sey
f[illegible] fortunes was my
[illegible] sad stories of my own
fort. And, for the sake of

Ex.

[illegible] the favour to dilate at
Wi[illegible] befall'n of them, [illegible]

Ex. My youngest boy, an
Ar[illegible] eighteen years [illegible]

And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates
mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disann
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to di
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*E*

SCENE II.—A public place. Enter Anti
and Dromio *of* Syracuse, *and a Mercha*

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epida
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,

Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean.

[*Exit* Dro

Ant. S. A trusty villain,[1] sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time;
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down, to view the city.

The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—six-pence, that I had o' Wednesday last,
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;—
The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
Soon my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post [illegible]

Ant. S. Now, as I am a [illegible]
In what safe place you have bestow'd my [illegible]
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am unpleased:
Where is the thousand marks thou [illegible]?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.—
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave!

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God-sake hold your hands;

Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and, when they see time,
They'll go, or come: If so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o'door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with wo.
There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls:
Men, more divine, and masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;
They can be *meek*, that have no other cause.

and live to see like
This fool-begg'd patience in
Luc. Well, I will marry o
Here comes your man, now is

Enter Dromio *of*

Adr. Say, is your tardy ma
Dro. E. Nay, he is at two
that my two ears can witness.
Adr. Say, didst thou speak
thou his mind?
Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mi
Beshrew his hand, I scarce coul
Luc. Spake he so doubtfully,
feel his meaning?
Dro. E. Nay, he struck so pla
well feel his blows; and withal s
I could scarce understand them.
Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he
It seems, he hath great care to ple
Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my
mad.
Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?
Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-ma
he's stark mad:
When I desir'd him to come home to
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; *My gold*
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My go*
Will you come home? quoth I; *My go*
Where is the thousand marks I gave
The pig, quoth I, *is*

My mistress, sir, quoth I; *H*
I know not thy mistress; ou
Luc. Quoth who?
Dro. E. Quoth my maste
I know, quoth he, *no house, n*
So that my errand, due unto
I thank him, I bear home u
For, in conclusion, he did b
Adr. Go back again, tho
home.
Dro. E. Go back again,
home?
For God's sake, send some
Adr. Back, slave, or I wil
Dro. E. And he will ble
beating:
Between you I shall have a
Adr. Hence, prating pe
home.
Dro. E. Am I so round w
That like a football you do
You spurn me hence, and
If I last in this service, you

Luc. Fie, how impatien
Adr. His company mus
Whilst I at home starve fo
Hath homely age the allu
From my poor cheek? the
Are my discourses dull? l
If voluble and sharp disco
Unkindness blunts it, mor
Do their gay vestments hi
That's not my fault, he's
What ruins are in me tha
By him not ruin'd? then
Of my defeatures: My

So he would keep fair quarter
I see, the jewel, best enamelle
Will lose his beauty; and thou
That others touch, yet often to
Wear gold: and so no man, th
But falsehood and corruption d
Since that my beauty cannot p
I'll weep what's left away, an
Luc. How many fond fools s

SCENE II.—The same. E
Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold, I gave t
Safe at the Centaur; and the
Is wander'd forth, in care to s
By computation, and mine ho
I could not speak with Dromi
I sent him from the mart: Se

Enter Dromio *of*

now, sir? is your merry

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an
since.
Dro. S. I did not see you since you sen
hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave
Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold'
ceipt;
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'
Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry v
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell
Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me i
teeth?
Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that,
that. [*Beating*
Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now
jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?
Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometime
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.[1]
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make s
But creep in crannies, when he hides his bear
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,[2]
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.
Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would l
battering, I had rather have it a head: an
use these blows long, I must get a sconce for
head, and insconce[3] it too; or else I shall seek
wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why a
beaten?
Ant. S. Dost thou not know?
Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten

For urging it the second time to
Dro. S. Was there ever any
out of season,
When, in the why, and the whe
rhyme nor reason?—
Well, sir, I thank you.
Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for wha
Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this som
gave me for nothing.
Ant. S. I'll make you amends ne
nothing for something. But say, si
time?
Dro. S. No, sir; I think, the mea
have.
Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's t
Dro. S. Basting.
Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dr
Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat
Ant. S. Your reason?
Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, a
me another dry basting.
Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in
There's a time for all thing

he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion: But soft! who wafts[1] us yonder?

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

(1) Beckons.

That never words were music
That never object pleasing in
That never touch well-welcom
That never meat sweet-savour
Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd
How comes it now, my husbanc
That thou art then estranged fr
Thyself I call it, being strange
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's b
Ah, do not tear away thyself fro
For know, my love, as easy may
A drop of water in the breaking
And take unmingled thence that
Without addition, or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not
How dearly would it touch thee t
Should'st thou but hear I were lic
And that this body, consecrate to
By ruffian lust should be contamin
Would'st thou not spit at me, and
And hurl the name of husband in
And tear the stain'd skin off my h
And from my false hand cut the w
And break it with a deep-divorcing
I know thou canst; and therefore,
I am possess'd with

Ant. he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.
Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this g
woman?
What is the course and drift of your compac
Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this tir
Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her
words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.
Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my lif
Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by
names,
Unless it be by inspiration?
Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong, you are from me exem
But wrong not that wrong
Come, I will

Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offered fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land;—O, spite of spites!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transform'd, master, am not I?

Ant. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—
Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping, or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
I'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

(1) Absolve.

Iaster, shall I be porter at the gate?
and let none enter, lest I break your
e.
e, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

—*The same. Enter* Antipholus *of*
Dromio *of* Ephesus, Angelo, *and* Bal-

ood signior Angelo, you must excuse
ll;
rewish, when I keep not hours:
nger'd with you at your shop,
aking of her carkanet,[1]
norrow you will bring it home.
villain, that would face me down
n the mart; and that I beat him,
him with a thousand marks in gold;
d deny my wife and house:—
rd, thou, what didst thou mean by
?
ay what you will, sir, but I know what
ow:
t me at the mart, I have your hand to
v:
vere parchment, and the blows you
were ink,
d-writing would tell you what I think.
think, thou art an ass.
Marry, so it doth appear
s I suffer, and the blows I bear.
being kick'd; and, being at that pass,

ou are sad, signior Balthazar: 'Pray
, our cheer
ny good will, and your good welcome
:.
l your dainties cheap, sir, and your
come dear.
, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or

of welcome makes scarce one dainty
.
meat, sir, is common; that every
rl affords.
nd welcome more common; for that's
ning but words.
l cheer, and great welcome, makes a
ry feast.
ky, to a niggardly host, and more
ring guest:
ny cates[1] be mean, take them in good
t;
may you have, but not with better
rt.
y door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.
Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gil-
, Jen'!
Within.] Mome,[2] malt-horse, capon,
comb, idiot, patch![3]
nee from the door, or sit down at the
ch:
njure for wenches, that thou call'st for
h store,
one too many? Go, get thee from the
r.
What patch is made our porter? My
ster stays in the street.
et him walk from whence he came,
he catch cold on's feet.

es of meat. (2) Blockhead.
l.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

Dro. S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?[1]

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil[2] is there? Dromio, who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E O Lord, I must laugh:—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be call'd Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. And you said, no.

Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

(1) I own, am owner of. (2) Bustle, tumult.

Adr. [W
keeps all this
Dro. S. By my troth, your town is
unruly boys.
Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you mig
come before.
Adr. Your wife, sir knave? go, get
the door.
Dro. E. If you went in pain, master,
would go sore.
Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor
we would fain have either.
Bal. In debating which was best, w
with neither.
Dro. E. They stand at the door,
them welcome hither.
Ant. E. There is something in the
cannot get in.
Dro. E. You would say so, m
garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within;
in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a
bought and sold.[2]
fetch me somethi

Ant. E. Who talks within th
door.
Dro. S. Right, sir, I'll tell yc
tell me wherefore.
Ant. E. Wherefore? for my
din'd to-day.
Dro. S. Nor to-day here you
again, when you may.
Ant. E. What art thou, that k
the house I owe?[1]
Dro. S. The porter for this
name is Dromio.
Dro. E. O villain, thou hast st
fice and my name;
The one ne'er got me credit, the ot
If thou hadst been Dromio to-da
Thou wouldst have chang'd th
or thy name for an ass.
Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil[2]
who are those at the g
Dro. E. Let my master in, L
Luce. Faith, no; l
And so tell your master.
Dro. E O Lord
Have at you with a proverb.—
staff?
Luce. Have at you with anothe
can you tell?
Dro. S. If thy name be call'd
hast answer'd him wel
Ant. E. Do you hear, you mi
in, I hope?
Luce. I thought to have ask'd
Dro. S.
Dro. E. So, come, help; w
was blow for blow.

Luce. What needs all that, [illegible] in the town?

Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that at the [illegible] keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is tr[illegible] unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you [illegible] come before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave? go, ge[illegible] the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, [illegible] would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor [illegible] we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we [illegible] with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, n[illegible] them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wi[illegible] cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, mast[illegible] garments were thin.

It seems, thou wantest breaking: Out
on thee, hind!
Here's too much, out upon thee! I
ay thee, let me in.
Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and
h have no fin.
Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a
ow.
A crow without a feather; master,
ean you so?
ithout a fin, there's a fowl without a
ather:
elp us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow
gether.
Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron
ow.
re patience, sir; O, let it not be so;
war against your reputation,
within the compass of suspect
ted honour of your wife.
-Your long experience of her wisdom,
irtue, years, and modesty,
r part some cause to you unknown;
not, sir, that she will well excuse
time the doors are made against you.
me; depart in patience,
o the Tiger all to dinner:
evening, come yourself alone,
e reason of this strange restraint.
hand you offer to break in,
stirring passage of the day,
nment will be made on it;
ppos'd by the common rout
r yet ungalled estimation,
vith foul intrusion enter in,

[illegible] [illegible] : [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:
ear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
e secret-false: What need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'is double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
hame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
las, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit,[1] that you love us;
hough others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
hen, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'is holy sport to be a little vain,[2]
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
Ant. S. Sweet mistress (what your name is else,
I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,)
ess, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show
not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
each me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthly gross conceit,
nother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your word's deceit.
gainst my soul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
re you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
t if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
r to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.

Dro. S.
out by the
Ant. S.
Dro. S.
the palm c
Ant. S.
Dro. S.
making wa
Ant. S.
Dro. S.
find no whi
her chin, b
France and
Ant. S.
Dro. S.
her breath.
Ant. S.
Dro. S. O
with rubies,
rich aspect
whole armad

nsform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me
he wheel.[1]

S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road:
the wind blow any way from shore,
ıot barbour in this town to-night.
bark put forth, come to the mart,
I will walk, till thou return to me.
y one know us, and we know none,
ıe, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
erefore, 'tis high time that I were hence.
at doth call me husband, even my soul
ır a wife abhor: but her fair sister,
'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
ı enchanting presence and discourse,
lmost made me traitor to myself:
st myself be guilty to self-wrong,
ı mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo.

. Master Antipholus?

S. Ay, that's my name.

. I know it well, sir: Lo, here is the chain;
ht to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:
ain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

S. What is your will, that I shall do with
this?

. What please yourself, sir; I have made
it for you.

S. Made it for me, sir? I bespoke it not.

. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you
have:
ıe with it, and please your wife withal;

ACT

SCENE I. - The same.

Mez. You know, [illegible]

Among my wife and her c
For locking me out of my
But soft, I see the goldsmi
Buy thou a rope, and brin
Dro. E. I buy a thousa
a rope!
Ant. E. A man is wel
you:
I promised your presence,
But neither chain, nor gold
Belike, you thought our lov
If it were chain'd together;
Ang. Saving your merry
How much your chain weig
The fineness of the gold, a
Which doth amount to thre
Than I stand debted to thi
I pray you, see him presen
For he is bound to sea, and
Ant. E. I am not furn
money;
Besides, I have some busin
Good signior, take the stra
And with you take the cha
Disburse the sum on the re
Perchance, I will be there
Ang. Then you will brin
self?
Ant. E. No; bear it wi
time enough.
Ang. Well, sir, I will: I
you?
Ant. E. An if I have no
Or else you may return wit
Ang. Nay, come, I pra
chain:
Both wind and tide stays f

But, like a shrew, you first begin to draw
Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you
patch.
Ang. You hear, how he impórtunes
chain—
Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and
money.
Ang. Come, come, you know, I ga
even now;
Either send the chain, or send me by so
Ant. E. Fie! now you run this hum
breath:
Come, where's the chain? I pray you le
Mer. My business cannot brook this
Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me,
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
Ant. E. I answer you! What shoul
you?
Ang. The money, that you owe me fo
Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receiv
Ang. You know, I gave it you half an
Ant. E. You gave me none; you wron

rest you, sir; you hear the suit.
lo obey thee, till I give thee bail:—
ou shall buy this sport as dear
al in your shop will answer.
ir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
ious shame, I doubt it not.

ter Dromio *of* Syracuse.

ster, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
till her owner comes aboard,
bears away: our fraughtage,[1] sir,
'd aboard: and I have bought
alsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
her trim; the merry wind
n land: they stay for nought at all,
wner, master, and yourself.
ow now? a madman! Why thou
ish[2] sheep,
Epidamnum stays for me?
hip you sent me to, to hire waftage.[3]
ou drunken slave, I sent thee for a
;
to what purpose and what end.
u sent me, sir, for a rope's end as
:
o the bay, sir, for a bark.
ill debate this matter at more leisure,
r ears to listen with more heed.
illain, hie thee straight:
ey, and tell her, in the desk
l o'er with Turkish tapestry,
se of ducats: let her send it;
arrested in the street,
bail me: hie thee, slave; be gone.
prison till it come.

That he did plead in earn
Look'd he or red, or pal
What observation mad'st t
Of his heart's meteors tilti
Luc. First, he denied y
Adr. He meant, he did
spite.
Luc. Then swore he, th
Adr. And true he swo
he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I f
Adr.
Luc. That love I begg'd
Adr. With what persu
love?
Luc. With words, that
move.
First he did praise my be
Adr. Did'st speak him
Luc. F
Adr. I cannot, nor I w
My tongue, though not my

'il lost is wail'd when it is gone.
'r. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
d yet would herein others' eyes were worse:
rom her nest the lapwing cries away;[1]
heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter Dromio *of Syracuse.*

o. S. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now, make haste.
c. How hast thou lost thy breath?
o. S. By running fast.
r. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
o. S. No, he's in tartar limbo, worse than hell:
il in an everlasting garment hath him,
whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
d, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
lf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;[2]
k-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
assages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
nd that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
hat, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.[3]
r. Why, man, what is the matter?
o. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.
r. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.
o. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;
e's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell:
ou send him, mistress, redemption, the money in the desk?

Dro. S. No,
gone.
It was two ere
one.
Adr. The ho
Dro. S. O
a'turn
Adr. As if t
thou r
Dro. S. Time
than h
Nay, he's a thief
That time comes
If he be in debt, a
Hath he not reas

Adr. Go, Dro
straight
And bring thy
Come, sister; I a
Conceit, my co

Some offer me commodities to buy :
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought f
And, therewithal, took measure of my bo
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio *of Syracuse.*

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sen
What, have you got the picture of old Ac
apparell'd?

Ant. S. What gold is this? what Ad
thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam, that kept the p
but that Adam, that keeps the prison : he t
in the calf's-skin that was kill'd for the p
he that came behind you, sir, like an evi
and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case : he t
like a base-viol, in a case of leather ; the
that, when gentlemen are tired, gives the
and 'rests them : he, sir, that takes pity on
men, and gives them suits of durance ; he
up his rest to do more exploits with his ma
a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What ! thou mean'st an officer

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the be
that brings any man to answer it, that br
band : one that thinks a man always goin
and says, *God give you good rest.*

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your fo
there any ship puts forth to-night? may we

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word
since, that the bark Expedition put forth t

Cour. Well [illegible]
I see, sir, you have found the [illegible]
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?
Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt [illegible]
not!
Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?
Ant. S. It is the devil.
Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's d[illegible]
and here she comes in the habit of a light we[illegible]
and thereof comes, that the wenches say, *God mal[illegible]*
damn me, that's as much as to say, *God mal[illegible]*
a light wench. It is written, they appear t[illegible]
like angels of light: light is an effect of fir[illegible]
fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will [illegible]
Come not near her.
Cour. Your man and you are marvellous [illegible]
sir.
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinn[illegible]
Dro. S. Master, if you do expect spo[illegible]
bespeak a long spoon.
Ant. S. Why, Dromio?
Dro. S. Marry, he must have a lon[illegible]
that must eat with the devil.
Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'[illegible]
of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gon[illegible]
Cour. Give me the ring of mine [illegible]

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock : Mistr
that you know. [*Exeunt* Ant. *and* I
Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mac
Else would he never so demean himself:
A ring he hath of mine, worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain!
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad
(Besides this present instance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entranc
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away : This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose [*Ex*

SCENE IV.—The same. Enter Antipholus *Ephesus, and an* Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break aws

rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee
home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to
am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will
you [*Beati*

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient
in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to
hands

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless vill

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, si
might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing bu
and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may
by my long ears. I have serv'd him from
of nativity to this instant, and have nothin
hands for my service, but blows: when I

end; or rather the prophecy, like
ware the rope's end.

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk?

Cour. How say you now? is n
mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no
Good doctor Pinch, you are a con
Establish him in his true sense ag
And I will please you what you w

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how

Cour. Mark, how he trembles

Pinch. Give me your hand, and
pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, an
ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, h
man,
To yield possession to my holy pr
And to thy state of darkness hie t
I cõnjure thee by all the saints in

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard,
mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poc

Ant. E. You minion you, are
tomers?
Did this companion with a saffro
Revel and feast it at my house to
Whilst upon me the guilty doors
And I denied to enter in my hous

Adr. O, husband, God doth kr
home,
Where 'would you had remain'd
Free from these slanders, and thi

Ant. E. I din'd at home! T
say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you
home.

scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from th

Dro. E. In verity you did;—my bones
witness,

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contrar

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his

And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith
rest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem y

By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me? heart and goo
you might,

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a pur
ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bea
witness,

That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is

[Pinch *and his assistants bind* Ant. *and* Dro.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go;
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it

Good master, [illegible] poor souls, [illegible]

Luc. God help, poor souls, [illegible] go you [illegible]

Adr. Go, bear him hence.—Sister, go you [illegible] me.—

[*Exe.* Pinch *and assistants, with* Ant. *and* Dro.

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring
(The ring I saw upon his finger now,)
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it:—
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is.
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholus *of Syracuse, with his r*[illegible]
[illegible] Dromio *of Syracuse.*

y do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair,
us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle
on, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that
ms marriage of me, I could find in my heart to
here still, and turn witch.
Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town:
erefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exe.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. Enter* Merchant *and* Angelo.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.
Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus *and* Dromio *of Syracuse.*

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
[illegible] the shame, imprisonment,
[illegible] honest friend;

Ant. S. What [illegible] of him?

Mer. These ears [illegible] 'tis pity, that thou liv'st
hear thee: [illegible] honest men resort.

Fie on thee, wretch! [illegible] a villain, to impeach me thus:
To walk where any [illegible]

Ant. S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour, and mine honesty,
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They dra*

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, *and othe*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; [illegible]
mad:—
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my hous

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake
a house.[2]
This is some priory;—In, or we are spill'd.

[*Exeunt* Ant. *and* Dro. *to the*

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore thr
[illegible]

ne dear friend? Hath not else his eye
affection in unlawful love?
railing much in youthful men,
their eyes the liberty of gazing.
these sorrows is he subject to?
o none of these, except it be the last:
me love, that drew him oft from home.
u should for that have reprehended him.
Why, so I did.
Ay, but not rough enough.
roughly, as my modesty would let me.
aply, in private.
And in assemblies too.
, but not enough.
was the copy[1] of our conference:
slept not for my urging it;
e fed not for my urging it:
as the subject of my theme;
, I often glanced it;
ell him it was vile and bad.
d thereof came it, that the man was mad:
clamours of a jealous woman
e deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
sleeps were hindered by thy railing:
f comes it that his head is light.
his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraid-
gs:
als make ill digestions,
raging fire of fever bred;
a fever but a fit of madness?
, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
ation barr'd, what doth ensue,
and dull melancholy,
grim and comfortless despair;)
heels, a huge infectious troop
emperatures, and foes to life?
port, and life-preserving rest,
rb'd, would mad or man, or beast;

(1) Theme.

We came again to bind them: then
Into this abbey, whither we pursued
And here the abbess shuts the gates
And will not suffer us to fetch him o
Nor send him forth, that we may bea
Therefore, most gracious duke, with
Dromio brought forth, and beame b

Duke. Long since, thy husband
my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's wo
Were not thou dost make him maste
For him and the grace and good
Come some of you, knock at the abbe
And send the lady abbess come to me
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and
My master and his man are both bro
Bound to the maids a-row, and bound
Whose beard they have singed off w
fire:

He cries for you, and vows, if he c
To scorch your face, and to disfigu

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress;
Duke. Come, stand by me, fear
with halberds.
Adr. Ah me, it is my husband!
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abl
And now he's there, past thought of

Enter Antipholus *and* Dromio o

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious d
me justice!
Even for the service that long since
When I bestrid thee in the wars, a
Deep scars to save thy life; even f
That then I lost for thee, now gran
Æge. Unless the fear of death doth
I see my son Antipholus, and Dron
Ant. E. Justice, sweet princ
woman there.
She whom thou gav'st to me to be
That hath abused and dishonour'd
Even in the strength and height of
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless th
Duke. Discover how, and thou sh
Ant. E. This day, great duke, sh
upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in
Duke. A grievous fault: Say,
thou so?
Adr. No, my good lord;—mysel
sister,

sworn,
In this the madman justly chargeth the
Ant. E. My liege, I am advised wha
Neither disturb'd with the effect of win
Nor ready-rash, provok'd with raging i
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wis
This woman lock'd me out this day fro
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'
Could witness it, for he was with me th
Who parted with me to go fetch a chai
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine togeth
Our dinner done, and he not coming th
I went to seek him: in the street I met
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swea
That I this day of him receiv'd the ch
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none retur
[illegible] I have spoke the officer

They fell upon me, bound me, bor
And in a dark and dankish vault a
There left me and my man, both b
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bo
I gain'd my freedom, and immedia
Ran hither to your grace; whom I
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great i
Ang. My lord, in truth, thus fa
him;
That he dined not at home, but wa
Duke. But had he such a chain
Ang. He had, my lord; and whe
These people saw the chain about
Mar. Besides, I will be sworn
mine
Heard you confess you had the ch
After you first forswore it on the m
And, thereupon, I drew my sword
And then, you fled into this abbey
From whence, I think, you are co
Ant. E. I never came within th
Nor ever didst thou draw thy swo
I never saw the chain, so help me
And this is false, you burden me w
Duke. Why, what an intricate
I think, you all have drank of Cir
If here you hous'd him, here he w
If he were mad, he would not pla
You say, he dined at home; the g
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what
Dro. E. Sir, he dined with h
Porcupine.
Cour. He did; and from my
that ring.
Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this r

And pay the sum [illegible]

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan,

Æge. Is not your name, sir, cal

And is not that your bondman Dro

Dro. E. Within this hour I was

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in tw

Now am I Dromio, and his man,

Æge. I am sure, you both of y

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remem

For lately we were bound as you

You are not Pinch's patient, are

Æge. Why look you strange

me well.

Ant E. I never saw you in m

Æge. Oh! grief hath chan

saw me last;

And careful hours, with Time's

Have written strange defeatur

But tell me yet, dost thou not

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir,

Æge.

Dro. E. Ay, sir? but I am

And all the conduits of my blood froze
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamp some fading glimmer
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err,)
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my

Æge. But seven years since, in Syrac
Thou know'st, we parted: but, perhaps
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in mi

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know
city,
Can witness with me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracu
I see, thy age and dangers make thee d

Enter the Abbess, with Antipholus Syra
Dromio Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a
wrong'd. [*All gather*

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes
Duke. One of these men is Genius to
And so of these: Which is the natural
And which the spirit? Who deciphers

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, le

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or els

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath
here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loos
And gain a husband by his liberty:—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the

By force took Dromio [illegible]
And me they left with those of Epidamnum;
What then became of them, I cannot tell:
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story rig
These two Antipholus's, these two so like,
And these two Dromio's, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syrac

Duke. Stay, stand apart! I know not whi
which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gra
lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town with that
famous warrior
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husb

Ant. E. No, I say nay to that.

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
y Dromio; but I think he brought it not.
Dro. E. No, none by me.
Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
nd Dromio my man did bring them me:
see, we still did meet each other's man,
nd I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
nd thereupon these Errors are arose.
Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for
my good cheer.
Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
o go with us into the abbey here,
nd hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:—
d all that are assembled in this place,
at by this sympathized one day's error
e suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
l we shall make full satisfaction.—
nty-five years have I but gone in travail
ou, my sons; nor, till this present hour,
eavy burdens are delivered:—
Duke, my husband, and my children both,
ou the calendars of their nativity,
a gossip's feast, and go with me;
o long grief, such nativity!
e. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.
Exeunt Duke, Abbess, Ægeon, Courtezan,
Merchant, Angelo, *and attendants.*
S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from
d?
E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou
embark'd?
. Your goods, that lay at host [illegible]
Centaur.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my
my brother:
I see by you, I am a sweet-faced y
Will you walk in to see their gossi
Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my
Dro. E. That's a question: how
Dro. S. We will draw cuts for
then, lead thou first.
Dro. E. Nay, then thus:
We came into the world, like broth
And now let's go hand in hand,
another.

On a careful revision of the foreg
do not hesitate to pronounce them t
of two very unequal writers. Shak
doubtedly a share in them; but that
was no work of his, is an opinion w
dict says) 'fire cannot melt out of m
it at the stake.' Thus as we are info
Gellius, Lib. III. Cap. 3. some pla
lutely ascribed to Plautus, which in

MACBETH.

Malcolm, } *his sons*
Donalbain, }
Macbeth, } *generals of the king's ar*
Banquo, }
Macduff, }
Lenox, }
Rosse, } *noblemen of Scotland.*
Menteth, }
Angus, }
Cathness, }
Fleance, *son to Banquo.*
Siward, *earl of Northumberland, ge*

English forces :

Young Siward, *his son.*
Seyton, *an officer attending on Mac*
Son to Macduff.
An English Doctor. A Scotch D
A Soldier. A Porter. An old m

MACBETH.

ACT I.

-An open place. Thunder and ing. Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.*

l we three meet again
htning, or in rain?
/hen the hurlyburly's[1] done,
le's lost and won.
hat will be ere set of sun.
/here the place?
Upon the heath:
here to meet with Macbeth.
:ome, Graymalkin!
k calls:—Anon.—
d foul is fair:
the fog and filthy air.
[Witches *vanish.*

—A Camp near Fores. *Alarum ter King* Duncan, Malcolm, Donal- *with attendants, meeting a bleed-*

bloody man is that? He can report,
his plight, of the revolt
te.
This is the sergeant,
od and hardy soldier, fought

(1) Tumult.

and choke their art.
(Worthy to be a rebel
The multiplying villani
Do swarm upon him,) f
Of Kernes and Gallow
And fortune, on his dar
Show'd like a rebel's w
For brave Macbeth (we
Disdaining fortune, with
Which smok'd with bloo
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage,
And ne'er shook hands,
Till he unseam'd him fro
And fix'd his head upon

Dun. O, valiant cousi

Sold. As whence the s
Shipwrecking storms and
So from that spring, whenc
Discomfort[3] swells. Mark,
No sooner justice had, wit
Compell'd these skipping K
But the Norweyan lord, su
With furbished

s cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
, they
ubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
cept they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
memorize another Golgotha,[1]
annot tell:——
it I am faint, my gashes cry for help.
Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
ey smack of honour both:—Go, get him surgeons. [*Exit* Soldier, *attended*.

Enter Rosse.

ho comes here?
Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.
Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look,
at seems to speak things strange.
Rosse. God save the king!
Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
Rosse. From Fife, great king,
here the Norweyan banners flout[2] the sky,
d fan our people cold.
rway himself, with terrible numbers,
sisted by that most disloyal traitor
e thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict:
l that Bellona's bridegroom,[3] lapp'd in proof,[4]
afronted him with self-comparisons,
nt against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
bing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,
e victory fell on us;——
Dun. Great happiness!
Rosse. That now
eno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
would we deign him burial of his men,

1) Make another Golgotha as memorable as

Our bosom ...
And with his former title
Rosse. I'll see it done.
Dun. What he hath
won.

SCENE III.—*A He*
three

1 *Witch.* Where h
2 *Witch.* Killing s
3 *Witch.* Sister, w
1 *Witch.* A sailor's
And mouch'd, and m
Give me, q
Aroint thee, *witch!*
Her husband's to Al
But in a sieve I'll th
And, like a rat with
I'll do, I'll do, and
2 *Witch.* I'll giv
1 *Witch.* Thou
3 *Witch.* And
1 *Witch.* I mys
And the very port

hall be tempest-toss'd.
hat I have.
itch. Show me, show me.
itch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
'd, as homeward he did come.
[*Drum within.*
itch. A drum, a drum;
th doth come.
The weird sisters,[1] hand in hand,
of the sea and land,
o go about, about;
to thine, and thrice to mine,
rice again, to make up nine:
—the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth *and* Banquo.

b. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
. How far is't call'd to Fores?—What are these,
ıer'd, and so wild in their attire;
ook not like the inhabitants o'the earth,
t are on't? Live you? or are you aught
ıan may question? You seem to understand me,
h at once her choppy finger laying
ıer skinny lips:—You should be women,
t your beards forbid me to interpret
ou are so.
b. Speak, if you can;—What are you?
itch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
itch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
itch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.
. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear.

And say, which grain will grow, and
Speak then to me, who neither beg
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth,

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet m

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings,
none:

So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speake
By Sinel's death, I know, I am the
But how of Cawdor? the thane of
A prosperous gentleman; and to b
Stands not within the prospect of l
No more than to be Cawdor. Say
You owe this strange intelligence?
Upon this blasted heath you stop o
With such prophetic greeting?—S
you. [*V*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, a

That takes the reas
Macb. Your chil
Ban.
Macb. And thane
Ban. To the self-s
here?

Enter Ro

Rosse. The king hat
The news of thy succe
Thy personal venture i
His wonders and his pr
Which should be thine,
'n viewing o'er the rest
le finds thee in the stou
'othing afeard of what t
range images of death.
ame post with post; and
ny praises in his kingdo
d pour'd them down be
king.
give thee, from our roy
herald thee into his sigh
osse. And, for an earne
ade me, from him, call
hich addition,[2] hail, mo
t is thine.
n. What, can t
cb. The thane of Caw
you dress me
ow'd robes?
Who was t
ler heavy judgment be
he deserves to lose. W
'd with Norway; or did
lden help and

Ban. That, tr
Might yet enkindle[1] you unto the cro
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm
The instruments of darkness tell us tr
Win us with honest trifles, to betray u
In deepest consequence,—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two tru
As happy prologues to the swelling ac
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, g
This supernatural soliciting[2]
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of succ
Commencing in a truth? I am thane c
If good, why do I yield to that sugges
Whose horrid image doth unfix my ha
And make my seated[4] heart knock at
Against the use of nature? Present f
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but
Shakes so my single state of man, that
Is smother'd in surmise;[5] and nothing
But what is not

strange garments; cleave not to their
ould,
e aid of use.

Come what come may;
he hour[1] runs through the roughest day.
orthy Macbeth, we stay upon your lei-
re.

live me your favour:[2]—my dull brain
as wrought
forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
'd where every day I turn
read them.—Let us toward the king.—
what hath chanc'd: and, at more time,
having weigh'd it, let us speak
arts each to other.

Very gladly.
ll then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exe.*

V.—Fores. *A room in the palace.*
Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain,
nd attendants.

execution done on Cawdor? Are not
mmission yet return'd?

My liege,
ot yet come back. But I have spoke
at saw him die: who did report,
ankly he confess'd his treasons;
ur highness' pardon; and set forth
entance: nothing in his life
, like the leaving it: he died
had been studied in his death,
way the dearest thing he ow'd,[3]
careless trifle.

There's no art,
mind's construction in the face:[4]

and opportunity. (2) Pardon.
d, possessed
annot construe the disposition of the
lineaments of the face.

That swiftest
To overtake th
That the prop
Might have be
More is thy du
Macb. The
In doing it, pa
Is to receive ou
Are to your thro
Which do but w
thing
Safe toward you
Dun.
I have begun to
To make thee fu
That hast no less
No less to have d
And hold thee to
Ban.
The harvest is yo
Dun.
Wanton in fulness
In drops of

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.
Dun. My worthy Cawdor!
Macb. The prince of Cumberland!—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, [*Aside.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Ex.*
Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;[1]
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Inverness. *A room in* Macbeth's *castle. Enter Lady* Macbeth, *reading a letter.*

Lady M. *They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report,*[2] *they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves—air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives*[3] *from the king, who all-hailed me,* Thane of Cawdor; *by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with,* Hail, king that shalt be! *This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;

(1) Full as valiant as described.
(2) The best intelligence. (3) Messengers.

That would's
And yet wo
grea
That which
have
And that whic
Than wishest
That I may p
And chastise
All that imped
Which fate an
To have the
tiding

Attend. The
Lady M.
Is not thy maste
Would have inf
Attend. So p
coming
One of my fello
Who, almost de

Stop up the access and passage to remorse;[1]
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall[2] thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife[3] see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *Hold, Hold!*—Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor!

Enter Macbeth.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present,[4] and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.
Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters:—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

(1) Pity. (2) Wrap as in a mantle.
(3) Knife anciently meant a sword or dagger.
(4) *i. e.* Beyond the present time, which is, according to the process of nature, ignorant of the future.

To alter favour ...
Leave all the rest to me.

SCENE VI.—The same. *Before the* ...
Hautboys. *Servants of* Macbeth ...
Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, ...
Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, *and* ...

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; ...
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself ...
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of ...
The temple-haunting martlet, does appro...
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's ...
Smells wooingly here; no jutty, frieze, b...
Nor coigne of vantage,[2] but this bird hat...
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: W...
Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd, ...
Is delicate.

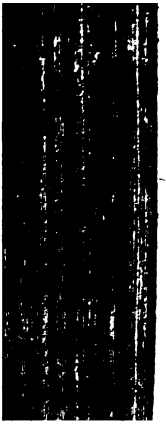
Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see! our honou...
The love that follows us, sometimes is o...
Will ... still we thank as love: Herein, I ...

urveyor: but he rides well;
at love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
: before us: Fair and noble hostess,
r guest to-night.
Your servants ever
ı, themselves, and what is theirs, in
mpt,[1]
eir audit at your highness' pleasure,
n your own.
Give me your hand:
to mine host; we love him highly,
ontinue our graces towards him.
ve, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

'II.—The same. A room in the castle.
: and torches. Enter, and pass over
, a Sewer,[2] *and divers Servants with*
d service. Then enter Macbeth.

it were done, when 'tis done, then
vere well
e quickly: If the assassination
nel up the consequence, and catch,
rcease, success; that but this blow
e be-all and the end-all here,
pon this bank and shoal of time,—
the life to come.—But, in these cases,
ve judgment here; that we but teach
uctions, which, being taught, return
he inventor: This even-handed justice
the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
lips. He's here in double trust:
m his kinsman and his subject,
against the deed; then, as his host,
l against his murderer shut the door,
e knife myself. Besides, this Duncan



That tears shall drown the wind
To prick the sides of my intent,
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-l
And falls on the other.—How n

Enter Lady Macl

Lady M. He has almost supp
left the chamber?
Macb. Hath he ask'd for me
Lady M. Know
Macb. We will proceed no furt
He hath honour'd me of late; a
Golden opinions from all sorts o
Which would be worn now in t
Not cast aside so soon.
Lady M. Was t
Wherein you dress'd yourself? h
And wakes it now, to look so gr
At what it did so freely? From
Such I account thy love. Art th
To be the same in thine own act
As thou art in desire? Would'st
Which thou esteem'st the ornam

durst do it, then you were a man;
more than what you were, you would
ı more the man. Nor time, nor place,
lhere,[1] and yet you would make both:
made themselves, and that their fitness
ow
ke you. I have given suck; and know
r 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
nile it was smiling in my face,
'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
to this.

If we should fail,——

We fail!

your courage to the sticking-place,
not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
he rather shall his day's hard journey
ite him,) his two chamberlains
wine and wassel[2] so convince,[3]
ry, the warder[4] of the brain,
ume, and the receipt of reason
only: When in swinish sleep
ched natures lie, as in a death,
ot you and I perform upon
rded Duncan? what not put upon
officers; who shall bear the guilt
at quell?[5]

Bring forth men-children only!
launted mettle should compose
: males. Will it not be received,[6]
ave mark'd with blood those sleepy two
chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
nave done't?

Who dares receive it other,
make our griefs and clamour roar

e same sense as cohere.
nperance.
power. (4) Sentinel. (5) Murder.
ehended.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—The same. Cou

Enter Banquo *and* Fleance, *a torch before them.*

Ban. How goes the night, b

Fle. The moon is down; I clock.

Ban. And she goes down at

Fle. I

Ban. Hold, take my sword:— in heaven,

Their candles are all out.—Tal
A heavy summons lies like lead
And yet I would not sleep: M
Restrain in me the cursed thoug
Gives way to in repose!—Give

Enter Macbeth, *and a serva*

My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; The like to you! [*Ex.* Ban.

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to-bed. [*Ex.* Ser.
Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:——
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable,
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon,[1] gouts[2] of blood,

(1) Haft. (2) Drops.

Alarum'd by his sentinel,
Whose howl's his watch
pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing
sign
Moves like a ghost.——Th
Hear not my steps, which
The very stones prate of
And take the present horr
Which now suits with it.—
Words to the heat of deed

I go, and it is done; the b
Hear it not, Duncan; for i
That summons thee to hea

SCENE II.—The same.

Lady M. That which h
hath made me bo
What hath quench'd them,
Hark!—Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd
Which gives the stern'st goo
The doors are open

As I desce

ady M. Ay.

acb. Hark!—

o lies i'the second chamber?

ady M. Donalbain

acb. This is a sorry sight.

[*Looking on his h*

ady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry s

acb. There's one did laugh in his sleep,
one cried, *murder!*

t they did wake each other; I stood and he
them:

they did say their prayers, and address'd t
in to sleep.

ady M. There are two lodg'd togeth

acb. One cried, *God bless us!* and, *Amen*,
other;

they had seen me, with these hangman's ha
ning their fear, I could not say, amen,

n they did say, God bless us.

ady M. Consider it not so dee

cb. But wherefore could not I pronou
amen?

Macb. I'll go no more.
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady Mac. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: The sleeping and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

Exit. Knocking within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,[2]
Making the green one red.

(1) Sleave is unwrought silk.
(2) To incarnardine is to stain of a fl

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; bu
shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hea
knocking
At the south entry :—retire we to our chamber
A little water clears us of this deed :
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Ha
more knocking :
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers :—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'twere best n
know myself. [*Knoc*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, 'wou
thou could'st! [*Exeu*

SCENE III.—The same. Enter a Porte
[*Knocking within.*]

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a ma were porter of hell-gate, he should have old[1] tur ing the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knocl Who's there, i'the name of Belzebub? Here's farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation plenty : Come in time; have napkins[2] enough abo you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knoc knock : Who's there, i'the other devil's name?- 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear i both the scales against either scale; who committe treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equ vocate to Heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knoc ing.*] Knock, knock, knock : Who's there? 'Faitl here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing o of a French hose : Come in, tailor; here you m

him, and disheartens him; makes h
not stand to: in conclusion, equiv
sleep; and, giving him the lie, leav

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee

Port. That it did, sir, i'the ve
But I requited him for his lie; and
too strong for him, though he to
sometime, yet I made a shift to ca

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; he

Enter Macbeth.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Mach. Goo

Macd. Is the king stirring, wor

Mach.

Macd. He did command me to ca
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

(1) Cock-crowing.

A know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
'tis one. I'll bring you to him.
t The labour we delight in, physics[1] pain.
the door.
acd. I'll make so bold to call,
the my limited service.[2] [*Exit* Macd.
en. Goes the king
en hence to-day?
Macb. He does:—he did appoint it so.
Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i'the air; strange screams of death;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New batch'd to the woful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
Fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,
ot conceive, nor name thee![3]
cb. Len. What's the matter?
cd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
crilegious murder hath broke ope
rd's anointed temple, and stole thence
o'the building.
What is't you say? the life?

Affords a cordial to it.
ointed service.
use of two negatives, not to make an
but to deny more strongly, is common
r.

Ring the alarum [illegible]
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malc
Shake off this downy sleep, de
And look on death itself!—up,
The great doom's image!—M
As from your graves rise up, an
To countenance this horror!

Enter Lady Ma

Lady M.
That such a hideous trumpet
The sleepers of the house? s

Macd.
'Tis not for you to hear what
The repetition, in a woman's
Would murder as it fell.——

Enter Ban

Our royal master's murder'd

Lady M.
What, in our house?

Ban.
Too
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contr

b. You are, and do not know i
ring, the head, the fountain of your blood
)'d; the very source of it is stopp'd.
d. Your royal father's murder'd.
O, by whon
Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, hi
done't:
ands and faces were all badg'd with bloo
e their daggers, which, unwip'd, we foun
heir pillows:
tar'd, and were distracted; no man's life
be trusted with them.
b. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
did kill them.
d. Wherefore did you so?
b. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperat
and furious,
nd neutral, in a moment? No man:
pedition of my violent love
the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
er skin lac'd with his golden blood;
gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in natur
n's wasteful entrance: there, the murderer
in the colours of their trade, their dagge
nerly breech'd with gore:[1] Who could r
frain,
nd a heart to love, and in that heart
e, to make his love known?
M. Help me hence, h
d. Look to the lady.
Why do we hold our tongue
ost may claim this argument for ours?
What should be spoken here,
our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
ish, and seize us? Let's away; our tears
yet brew'd.
Nor our strong sorrow on
t of motion.

(1) Covered with blood to their hilt.

Against the undivulg'd prete
Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And s

All.

Macb. Let's briefly put on
And meet i'the hall together.

All.

[*Exeunt a*

Mal. What will you do ?
them :
To show an unfelt sorrow, is
Which the false man does ea
Don. To Ireland, I ; our s
Shall keep us both the safer :
There's daggers in men's smil
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murder
Hath not yet lighted ; and ou
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefo
And let us not be dainty of le
But shift away : There's warr
Which steals itself, when ther

osse. Ah, good father,
u see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
eaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
night's predominance, or the day's shame,
t darkness does the face of earth intomb,
en living light should kiss it?—
'd M. 'Tis unnatural,
like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
lcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.
osse. And Duncan's horses (a thing most strange and certain,)
iteous and swift, the minions of their race,
i'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
ending 'gainst obedience, as they would make with mankind.
d M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.
osse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff:——

Enter Macduff.

goes the world, sir, now?
acd. Why, see you not?
osse. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?
acd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
osse. Alas, the day!
t good could they pretend?[1]
acd. They were suborn'd:
olm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
itol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
cion of the deed.
osse. 'Gainst nature still:
tless ambition, that wilt ravin up
e own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,

(1) Intend to themselves.

The sacred storehouse in [illegible]
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will

Macd. Well, may you see things well done
there ;—adieu !——
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new

Rosse. Father, farewell.

Old M. God's benison go with you ; and
those
That would make good of bad, and friends

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Forres. *A room in the palace.*
Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis
all,
As the weird women promis'd ; and, I fear

Banco. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my g
Macb. We should have else desir'd y
advice
(Which still hath been both grave and pro
In this day's council; but we'll take to-m
Is't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the
Twixt this and supper: go not my horse th
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.
Macb. Fail not our
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are b
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-mo
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of
Craving us jointly. Hi

Bring them —
To be thus, is nothing;
But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty[1] of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis
he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his val
To act in safety. There is none, but he,
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid
When first they put the name of king u
And bade them speak to him; then, pr
They hail'd him father to a line of kin
Upon my head they placed a fruitless
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlin
No son of mine succeeding. If it be
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd[2] my m
For them the gracious Duncan have
Put rancours in the vessel of my pea
Only for them; and mine eternal je
the common enemy of man
the seed of B

Well then, now
ıy speeches? Know,
ıes past, which held you
you thought, had been
made good to you
ass'd in probation[1] with

and;[2] how cross'd; the

and all things else, that

on craz'd,

ou made it known to us.
ent further, which is now
ing. Do you find
nant in your nature,
Are you so gospell'd,[3]
ı, and for his issue,
ɔow'd you to the grave,
ver?
We are men, my liege.
ogue ye go for men:
nds, mongrels, spaniels,

demi-wolves, are cleped[5]
the valued file
: slow, the subtle,
ıter, every one
:h bounteous nature
eby he does receive
the bill
: and so of men.
ı in the file,

Who wear our [illegible]
Which in his death were per

2 *Mur.*

Whom the vile blows and b
Have so incens'd, that I am
I do, to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* A

So weary with disasters, tu
That I would set my life o
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Mach.

Know, Banquo was your e

2 *Mur.*

Macb. So is he mine: a
tance,[3]

That every minute of his b
Against my near'st of life:
With bare-fac'd power sw
And bid my will avouch it
For[4] certain friends that ar
Whose loves I may not dr
Whom I myself struck do
That I to your assistance d
Masking the business from
For sundry weighty reaso

2 *Mur.*

ıething from the palace; always thought
equire a clearness: And with him,
e no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
his son, that keeps him company,
bsence is no less material to me
his father's, must embrace the fate
lark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
to you anon.

We are resolv'd, my lord.
I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
luded:——Banquo, thy soul's flight,
heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exe.*

II.—The same. Another room. Enter Lady Macbeth, *and a* Servant.

M. Is Banquo gone from court?
Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.
M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
words.

Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

M. Nought's had, all's spent,
ır desire is got without content:
to be that which we destroy,
destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

, my lord? why do you keep alone,
ıt fancies your companions making?
e thoughts, which should indeed have died
n they think on? Things without remedy,
without regard: what's done, is done.
We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
e, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
n danger of her former tooth.

Malice domestic, foreign lev
Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er y
Be bright and jovial 'mong

Macb. So shall I, love;
Let your remembrance app
Present him eminence,[2] both
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in th
And make our faces vizards
Disguising what they are.

Lady M.

Macb. O, full of scorpions
Thou know'st, that Banquo

Lady M. But in them nat

Macb. There's comfort y
Then be thou jocund: Ere
His cloister'd flight; ere,
mons,
The shard-borne beetle,[4] w
Hath rung night's yawning
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M.

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling[1]
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; a
crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and dro
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold the
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*E*

SCENE III.—The same. A park or lawn a gate leading to the palace. Enter three derers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with u
3 *Mur.* Ma
2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since
livers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks o
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approach
The subject of our watch.
3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear
Ban. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho!
2 *Mur.* Then it is he; t
That are within the note of expectation,[2]
Already are i'the court.
1 *Mur.* His horses go
3 *Mur.* Almost a mile: but he does usua
So all men do, from hence to the palace ga

1 *Mur.* Stand w

Ban. It will be rain to-ni

1 *Mur.*

Ban. O, treachery! Fly,
fly;
Thou may'st revenge.——
[*Dies.* Flea

3 *Mur.* Who did strike

1 *Mur.*

3 *Mur.* There's but on

2 *Mur.* We have lost b

1 *Mur.* Well, let's awa
done.

SCENE IV.—A room
banquet prepared. En
beth, Rosse, Lenox, L

Macb. You know you
at first
And last, the hearty wel

Lords.

Macb. Ourself will m
And play the humble ho
Our hostess keeps her st

oth sides are even: Here I'll sit i'the midst
e large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a meas
he table round.—There's blood upon thy fi
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Mach 'Tis better thee without, than he w
he despatch'd?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I d
him.
Mach. Thou art the best o'the cut-throats:
he's good,
hat did the like for Fleance: if thou didst i
hou art the nonpariel.
Mur Most royal sir,
ance is 'scap'd.
Mach. Then comes my fit again: I had
been perfect;
hole as the marble, founded as the rock;
broad, and general, as the casing air:
it now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bou
saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's sa
Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he b
ith twenty trenched gashes on his head;
e least a death to nature.
Mach. Thanks for that:-
ere the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's
ith nature that in time will venom breed,
teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-
row
e'll hear, ourselves again. [*Exit* Murd
Lady M. My royal lord,
u do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
at is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
s given with welcome: To feed, were be
home;
m thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;

rout u[illegible]
Were the grac'd person of o
Who may I rather challenge
Than pity for mischance!
Rosse. [illegible]
Lays blame upon his pro
highness
To grace us with your roya
Macb. The table's full.
Len. Here
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, r
moves your highn
Macb. Which of you h
Lords.
Macb. Thou canst not s
Thy gory locks at me.
Rosse. Gentlemen, rise;
Lady M. Sit, worthy fr
thus,
And hath been from his
seat;
The fit is momentary; u
He will again be well: I
You shall offend him, an
[illegible] and regard him no

A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's d
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look
how say you?——
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak t
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disapp*
Lady M What! quite unmann'd in f
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady M. Fie, for sh
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now,
olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perfor
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been
That, when the brains were out, the man woul
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns
And push us from our stools: This is more st
Than such a murder is.
Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget:-
Do not muse[1] at me, my most worthy friends
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and h
to all;
Then I'll sit down:——Give me some win
full:——
I drink to the general joy of the whole table

Ghost rises.

Which thou do
Lady M.
But as a thing
Only it spoils th
Mach. What
Approach thou
The arm'd rhino
Take any shape
Shall never trem
And dare me to
If trembling I inh
The baby of a gi

Unreal mockery,
I am a man again
Lady M. You
the good
With most admir'd
Mach.
And overcome? us
Without our special
Even to the dispositi
When now I think y
And keep th

Lady M. A kind good night t
[*Exeunt* Lords *and a*
Macb. It will have blood; they say, b
have blood:
Stones have been known to move, anc
speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies,[1] and choughs, and rooks
forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is th
Lady M. Almost at odds with mornir
is which.
Macb. How say'st thou, that Macdu
his person,
At our great bidding?
Lady M. Did you send to
Macb. I hear it by the way; but I wil
There's not a one[2] of them, but in his hou
I keep a servant feed. I will to-morrow
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent
By the worst means, the worst: for mine o
All causes shall give way. I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no mc
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will t
Which must be acted, ere they may be s
Lady M You lack the season of all natu
Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My stre
self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed.

SCENE V.—The heath. Thunder. E
cate, *meeting the three* Witches.

Was never call'd to bear my par
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you hav
Hath been but for a wayward so
Spiteful, and wrathful, who, as o
Loves for his own ends, not for y
But make amends now: Get you
And at the pit of Acheron,
Meet me i'the morning; thither I
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, pr
Your charms, and every thing be
I am for the air; this night I'll s
Unto a dismal-fatal end.
Great business must be wrought
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop pr
I'll catch it ere it come to ground
And that, distill'd by magic sligh
Shall raise such artificial sprites,
As, by the strength of their illusi
Shall draw him on to his confusi
He shall spurn fate, scorn death,

NE VI.—Fores. *A room in the palace.*
ter Lenox *and another* Lord.

i. My former speeches have but hit
thoughts,
a can interpret further: only, I say,
's have been strangely borne: The gra
Duncan
pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dea
he right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late
n, you may say, if it please you, Fleance k
'leance fled. Men must not walk too lat
cannot want the thought, how monstrou
s for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
ll their gracious father? damned fact!
it did grieve Macbeth! did he not strai
ous rage, the two delinquents tear,
were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sl
not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely to
would have anger'd any heart alive,
ar the men deny it. So that, I say,
as borne all things well: and I do think
had he Duncan's sons under his key
an't please heaven, he shall not,) they sl
find
t 'twere to kill a father; so should Flea
peace!—for from broad words, and 'cau
fail'd
resence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
luff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell
re he bestows himself?
rd. The son of Du
whom this tyrant holds the due of birt
in the English court; and is received
e most pious Edward with such grace,

Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent h

Lord. He did: and with an absolu
The cloudy messenger turns me his
And hums; as who should say, *You'
That clogs me with this answer.*

Len. And th
Advise him to a caution, to hold wha
His wisdom can provide. Some hol
Fly to the court of England, and un
His message ere he come; that a sw
May soon return to this our suffering
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. My praye

ACT IV.

*SCENE I.—A dark cave. In the m
dron boiling. Thunder. Enter Th*

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat h
2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedg
3 *Witch.* Harper cries:—'Tis tim

Boil thou first i'the charmed pot!
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wol
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,[1]
Of the ravin'd[2] salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i'the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,[3]
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, *and the other Three* Witc

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pa
And every one shall share i'the gains.

[illegible]

[illegible]

How [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] you [illegible]

[illegible] you [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]
down.

[illegible]
[illegible] heads [illegible]
[illegible]

O nature's [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath ea
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.
All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly[1] show.

Thunder. An Apparition *of an armed Head r*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,——
1 *Witch.* He knows thy thou
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! bev
Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—Eno
[*Desce*
Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caut
thanks;
Thou hast harp'd[2] my fear aright:—But one w
more:—
1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded: H
another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition *of a bloody Child r*

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App. Be bloody, b
And resolute: laugh to scorn the power of m
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth
[*Desce*
Macb. Then live, Macduff; What need I
of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

(1) Adroitly.
(2) Touched on a passion as a harper touch
string.

with a tree in his hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?[1]

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

Mach. That will never be;
Who can impress the forest;[2] bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Mach. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise[3] is this?
[*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Show!
2 *Witch.* Show!
3 *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

Eight Kings appear, and pass over the stage in

(1) The round is that part of a crown which encircles the head: the top is the ornament which rises above it.

(2) Who can command the forest to serve him like a soldier impressed?

(3) Music.

order; the last with a glass in his han
quo *following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of I
down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—And
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the fi
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Sta
What! will the line stretch out to the c
doom?[1]
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no mo
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a g
Which shows me many more; and some I
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres car
Horrible sight!—Ay, now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd[2] Banquo smiles upo
And points at them for his.—What, is this
1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so:—But wl
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,[3]
And show the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.
[*Music.* *The* Witches *dance, and*
Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let th
nicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!——
Come in, without there!

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your grace'
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Macb.

Len. Ay, my

Macb. Time,

ploits:

The flighty purp

Unless the deed

The very firstling

The firstlings of

To crown my th

and don

The castle of Ma

Seize upon Fife;

His wife, his babe

That trace[2] his lin

This deed I'll do,

But no more sights

Come, bring me w

SCENE II.—Fi

Enter Lady M

L. Macd. Wha

the land

Rosse. You

s mansion, and his titles, in a place
om whence himself does fly? He loves us not:
wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
e most diminutive of birds, will fight,
r young ones in her nest, against the owl.
l is the fear, and nothing is the love;
little is the wisdom, where the flight
runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz',
ray you, school yourself: But, for your husban
is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
e fits o'the season. I dare not speak muc
further:
it cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
id do not know ourselves; when we hold rumo
oun what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
it float upon a wild and violent sea,
ch way, and move.—I take my leave of you:
all not be long but I'll be here again:
ings at the worst will cease, or else climb upwa
what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
essing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherle

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay long
would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
ake my leave at once. [*Exit* Ros

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dea
nd what will you do now? How will you live

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and fli

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do th

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the n
nor lime,
he pit-fall, nor the gin.

must be hanged.

n. And must they all be hang'd, that swear
lie?

Macd. Every one.

n Who must hang them?

Macd. Why, the honest men.

n. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for
are liars and swearers enough to beat the
st men, and hang up them.

Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey!
ow wilt thou do for a father?

n. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if
would not, it were a good sign that I should
ly have a new father.

Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

ss. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you
known,
gh in your state of honour I am perfect.
t, some danger does approach you nearly:
will take a homely man's advice,

I am perfectly acquainted with your ruin.

Be not found here; hence, with your little one
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven prese
you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit* Messen
L. Macd. Whither should I fly:
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where, to do harm
Is often laudable: to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?——What are th
faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?
L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctifie
Where such as thou may'st find him.
Mur. He's a trai
Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.
Mur. What, you e
[*Stabbing h*
Young fry of treachery?
Son. He has killed me, moth
Run away, I pray you. [*L*
[*Exit Lady* Macduff, *crying mur*
and pursued by the Murderers.

SCENE III.—England. *A room in the Ki*
palace *Enter* Malcolm *and* Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, a
there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd h
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am you
something
You may deserve of him through me; and
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Ma
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge.[2] But 'crave your
That which you are, my thoughts cannot t
Angels are bright still, though the bright
Though all things foul would wear the
grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost m

Mal. Perchance, even there, where
my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and ch
(Those precious motives, those strong knot
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours

Thy title is affeer'd !—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp
And the rich east to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macb
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor stat
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legio
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody
Luxurious,[2] avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden,[3] malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daught
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill u
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,

And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoo
We have willing dames enough; there can
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there gr
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should f
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loya
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avaric
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicio
Than summer-seeding lust: and it hath b
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not
Scotland hath foysons[1] to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All these are portabl
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: The king-b
graces,

All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland! S

Mal. If such a one be fit to gove
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to gove
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepte
When shalt thou see thy wholesome d
ly his own interdiction stands accurs'd
nd does blaspheme his breed?—Thy r
'as a most sainted king; the queen, tha
ner upon her knees than on her feet,
d every day she lived. Fare thee we
se evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
e banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my
hope ends here!

Macduff, this noble p
of integrity, hath from my soul
l the black scruples, reconcil'd my th
good truth and honour. Devilish Ma
ny of these trains hath sought to win
power; and modest wisdom plucks
ver-credulous haste: Bu God above
tween thee and me; for even now
self to thy direction, and
mine own detraction, here abjure
s and blames I laid upon myself,
gers to my nature. I am yet
to woman; never was forsworn;
ave coveted what was mine own;
broke my faith would not betray
o his fellow; and delight
uth, than life; my first false speaking
on myself: What I am truly,
my poor country's, to co
ed, before th

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the kir
I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretch
That stay his cure: their malady convinc
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*E*

Macd. What is the disease he means?
'Tis call'd

Mal. A most miraculous work in this good kin
Which often since my here-remain in E
I have seen him do. How he solicits he
Himself best knows: but strangely-visit
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the ey
The mere despair of surgery, he cures:
Hanging a golden stamp about their n
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spol
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this stre
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his t

The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd: where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; How goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,

That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Wo

This comfort with the like! Bu

That would be howl'd out in th

Where hearing should not latel

Macd. V

The general cause? or is it a f

Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No

But in it shares some wo; the

Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it l

Keep it not from me, quickly

Rosse. Let not your ears d

ever,

Which shall possess them wit

That ever yet they heard.

Macd I

Rosse. Your castle is surp

babes,

Savagely slaughter'd: to rel

W ..., on the quarry of the

To add the death of you.

Mal I

What, man! ne'er pull you

... words: the grie

e kill'd too?

e. I have said.

Be comf

ake us med'cines of our great reven

e this deadly grief.

d. He has no children.—All my prett

a say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All!

all my pretty chickens, and their dar

fell swoop?

Dispute it like a man.

d. I shall do s

nust also feel it as a man:

t but remember such things were,

ere most precious to me.—Did heave

on,

ould not take their part? Sinful Mac

vere all struck for thee! naught that

their own demerits, but for mine,

aughter on their souls: Heaven res

now!

. Be this the whetstone of your swo

grief

t to anger; blunt not the heart, enra

d. O, I could play the woman with

eyes,

aggart with my tongue!—But, gentleh

ort all intermission;[1] front to front,

thou this fiend of Scotland, and myse

a my sword's length set him; if he 's

n forgive him too!

. This tune goes m

go we to the king; our power is rea

ck is nothing but our leave: Macbeth

for shaking, and the powers above

their instruments. Receive what ch

Doct. I have two nights w
can perceive no truth in you
she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty
have seen her rise from her
gown upon her, unlock her cl
fold it, write upon it, read it,
again return to bed; yet all
fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation
at once the benefit of sleep,
watching.—In this slumbry a
walking, and other actual pe
any time, have you heard her

Gent. That, sir, which I will

Doct. You may, to me; an
should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor
witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth,
Lo you, here she comes! This is

'. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what from her, to satisfy my remembrance the rongly.

y. *M.* Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky!! my lord, fie! a soldier, and afear'd? What e fear who knows it, when none can call our to account?—Yet who would have thought man to have had so much blood in him?

Do you mark that?

y *M.* The thane of Fife had a wife; Where now?—What, will these hands ne'er be —No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: r all with this starting.

. Go to, go to; you have known what you not.

. She has spoke what she should not, I am that: Heaven knows what she has known.

y *M.* Here's the smell of the blood still: all fumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little Oh! oh! oh!

. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely l.

. I would not have such a heart in my for the dignity of the whole body.

. Well, well, well,—

'Pray God, it be, sir.

. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet known those which have walked in their who have died holily in their beds.

y *M.* Wash your hands, put on your night- ook not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Ban- uried; he cannot come out of his grave.

. Even so?

y *M.* To bed, to bed: there's knocking at

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The country near Dunsinane. *Enter, with drum and colours,* Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, *and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.[2]

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,
And many unrough[3] youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause

(1) Confounded. (2) A religious; an ascetic.
(3) Unbearded.

Within the belt of rule.

Ang. No
His secret murders sticking on
Now minutely revolts upbraid
Those he commands, move or
Nothing in love: now does he
Hang loose about him, like a
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Wh
His pester'd senses to recoil,
When all that is within him d
Itself, for being there?

Cath. We
To give obedience where 'tis
Meet we the medicin[2] of the
And with him pour we, in ou
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so muc
To dew the sovereign flower,
Make we our march towards

SCENE III.—Dunsinane.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor,

Mach. Bring me no more
all;
Till Birnam wood remove to
I cannot taint with fear. Wha
Was he not born of woman?
All mortal consequents, pres
Fear not, Macbeth; no man,
Shall e'er have power on the
than
And mingle with the English
The mind I sway by, and th

Where got st thou that goose?

Serv. There is ten thousand——

Mach. Ge

Serv.

Mach. Go, prick thy face, and over

Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers,

Death of thy soul! those linen cheek

Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers

Serv. The English force, so please

Mach. Take thy face hence.—Se

sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—Th

Will cheer me ever, or disseat me no

I have liv'd long enough: my way of

Is fall'n into the ~~sear,~~[3] ~~the yellow lea~~

And that which should accompany o

As honour, love, obedience, troops of

I must not look to have; but, in their

Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-ho

Which the poor heart would fain deny

Seyton!——

Enter Seyton.

Macb. Cure her of t
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain:
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous st
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the p
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none o
Come, put mine armour on; give me my sta
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly
me:—
Come, sir, despatch:—If thou could'st, doctc
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative dr
Would scour these English hence?—Heare
of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal prepa
Makes us hear something

Siw [illegible]

Ment.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a
And bear't before him; thereby shall we
The numbers of our host, and make disco
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confid
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endu
Our setting down befor't.

Mal. 'Tis his mai
For where there is advantage to be gi
Both more and less have given him
And none serve with him but constrai
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our
Attend the true event, and put we o
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time a
That will with due decision make
What we shall say we have, and w
Thoughts speculative their unsure
[illegible] issue strokes must arbit
[illegible] the war.

And beat them backward home. What is th
[*A cry within, of*
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good l
Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of
The time has been, my senses would have
To hear a night-shriek: and my fell of h
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thou
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was th
Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.
Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morro
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor play
That struts and frets his hour upon the st
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.——

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story
Mess. Gracious my lord,
I shall report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.
Macb. Well, say, sir
Mess. As I did stand my watch upon t
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, metho
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar, and slav
[*Stri*

To cozen the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam*
Do come to Dunsinane;—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o'the world were now un
Ring the alarum bell:—Blow, wind! come,
At least we'll die with harness[2] on our b
[E

SCENE VI.—The same. A plain bef
castle. Enter, with drums and colours, M
Old Siward, Macduff, *&c. and their arm*
boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens
down,
And show like those you are:—You, worthy
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—
Do we but find

bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he,
was not born of woman? Such a one
l to fear, or none.

Enter Young Siward.

). *Siw.* What is thy name?
ach. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
. *Siw.* No; though thou call'st thyself a hot-
ter name
any is in hell.
ach. My name's Macbeth.
. *Siw.* The devil himself could not pronounce
a title
hateful to mine ear.
ach. No, nor more fearful.
. *Siw.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my
sword
ove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight, and Young* Siward *is slain.*
ach. Thou wast born of woman.—
words I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
dish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Ex.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

cd. That way the noise is:—Tyrant, show
thy face:
ou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
ife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
not strike at wretched kernes,[1] whose arms
ir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
se my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
ith again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
is great clatter, one of greatest note
s bruited:[2] Let me find him, fortune!
more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Re-enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Rom
die
On mine own sword? whiles I see live
Do better upon them.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-ho
Macb. Of all men else I have avoid
But get thee back, my soul is too muc
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I ha
My voice is in my sword; thou blood
Than terms can give thee out!
Macb. Thou l
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant a
With thy keen sword impress, as mal
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crest
I bear a charmed life, which must not
To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair th
And let the angel, whom thou still ha
Tell thee, Macduff was from his moth
Untimely ripp'd.
Macb. Accursed be that tongue tha
For it hath cow'd my better part of m
And be these juggling fiends no mor
That palter[2] with us in a double sens
That keep the word of promise to ou

(1) The air, which cannot be cut.

And break it to our hope.
Macd. Then yield the
And live to be the show a
We'll have thee, as our ra
Painted upon a pole; and
Here may you see the tyra
Macb
To kiss the ground before yo
And to be baited with the ra
Though Birnam wood be co
And thou oppos'd, being of
Yet I will try the last: Befo
I throw my warlike shield: l
And damn'd be him that first

Retreat. Flourish. Re-ente
colours, Malcolm, *Old Siw*
Angus, Cathness, Menteth, a
Mal. I would, the friends we
riv'd.
Siw. Some must go off: and y
So great a day as this is cheaply
Mal. Macduff is missing, and
Rosse. Your son, my lord, has
debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a ma
The which no sooner had his prowe
In the unshrinking station where he
Ut like a man he died.
Siw. Then he i
Rosse. Ay, and brought off the fiel
of sorrow
st not be measur'd by his worth, t
ath no end.
iw. Had he

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,[1]
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. King of Scotland, hail!

[*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

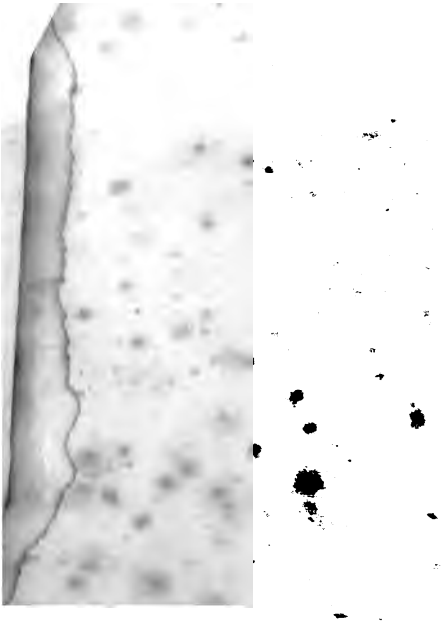
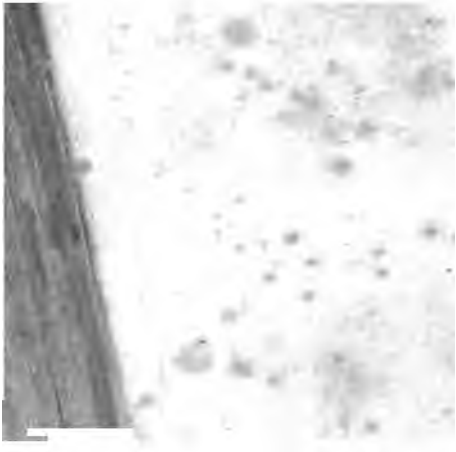
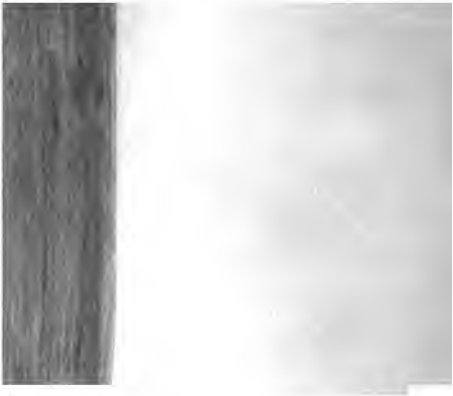
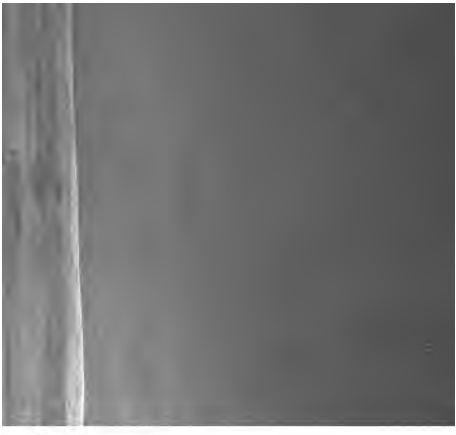
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

(1) The kingdom's wealth or ornament.

his play is deservedly celebrated for the pro-
:y of its fiction, and solemnity, grandeur, and
ity of its action; but it has no nice discrimina-
of character; the events are too great to ad-
the influence of particular dispositions, and the
se of the action necessarily determines the con-
of the agents.

he danger of ambition is well described; and
ow not whether it may not be said, in defence
ome parts which now seem improbable, that
hakspeare's time it was necessary to warn cre-
:y against vain and illusive predictions.

he passions are directed to their true end. Lady
:beth is merely detested; and though the cou-
of Macbeth preserves some esteem, yet every
ler rejoices at his fall.

JOHNSON.

END OF VOL. III.